

# The Sketch



No. 124.—Vol. X. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1895.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>d</sup>.



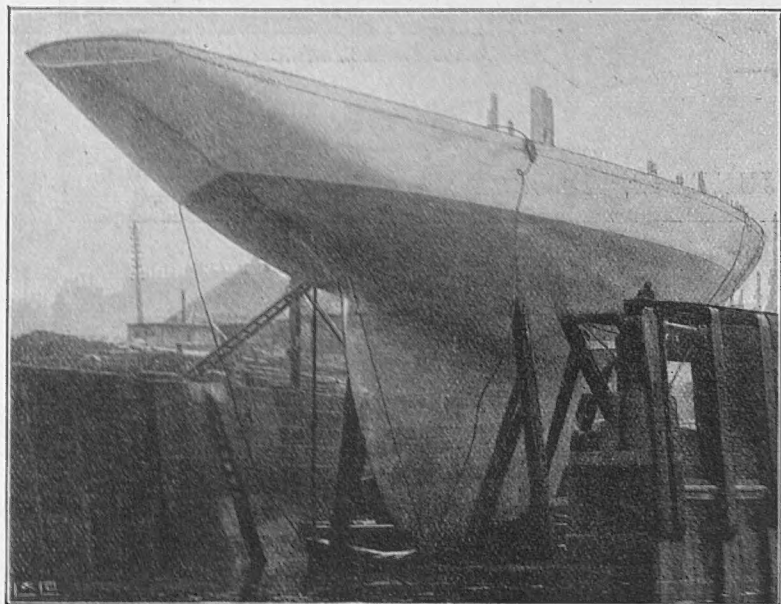
MADAME EMMA EAMES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.



## THE NEW VALKYRIE.

Just at present, the chief topic of conversation in yachting circles is, of course, the new Valkyrie. Opinions as to what she will do are as amusing as they are varied. Only this week, experienced yachtsmen were declaring that, in spite of the advantage in size which Valkyrie III. possesses over her predecessors, she would, "for obvious reasons," never be able to excel, if, indeed, to equal, her namesake in any one respect. If possible, even more care has been taken in the work than was taken



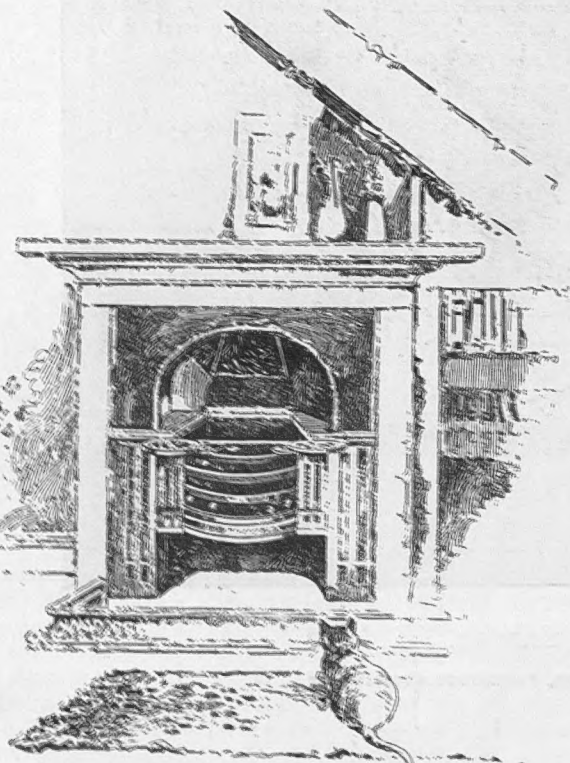
VALKYRIE III.

Photo by West and Son, Southsea.

when the former Valkyrie was being built; and it is safe to say that no racing-yacht built on the Clyde has had more pains bestowed upon it.

The photograph of Valkyrie III., given here, will instantly convey more to the mind of the reader than the most elaborate description could do in many minutes. At a glance, it will be seen that a strong likeness exists between her bow and the bow of the famous Caress, but there the resemblance may be said to end. It is almost always possible to contrast a newly built racing-yacht with one that has been launched several years, to the disparagement of the former, for the simple reason that the new boat has yet to prove her merits; whereas, in four cases out of five, the reputation of the latter is already established. In this instance, however, even the most critical and fastidious of fault-finders would, to use Mark Twain's Irishman's phrase, be "backward in putting forward" an objection to the probable merits of the new craft, for fear of being tabooed in consequence. Indeed, it seems doubtful whether even the redoubtable Defender will be able to outstrip Valkyrie III., with her immense sail-plan. Upon the whole, therefore, Lord Dunraven is to be congratulated upon having obtained what promises to prove, in every way, a worthy successor of her ill-fated predecessor.

B. T.



THE OLD FIREPLACE IN COLERIDGE'S ROOM.

## COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE.

BY THE LATE J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

[A melancholy interest attaches to the following brief article, which was the last contribution received from Mr. J. Dykes Campbell for the columns of *The Sketch*. The writer, who may be regarded as the chief authority upon Coleridge matters, passed away on June 1, in his new home at Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Dykes Campbell had only recently gone to Tunbridge Wells, after residing for many years at St. Leonards. His sudden death is a great grief to the eclectic circle of friends in London and elsewhere who admired his scholarly ability and his genial personality. Within quite a few days of his decease, Mr. Dykes Campbell paid one of his occasional visits to London. His conversation was always a pleasure, full as it was of reminiscences and of evidences of the many fields of literature which he had explored. Mr. Campbell was one of those silent forces in the world of letters which exercise influence greater than the attention which they attract. He cared little for publicity, and even his letters to the *Athenæum* were only signed by his initials, sometimes confused with those of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. Mr. Campbell took a friendly interest in the *Sketch*, and was the writer of several interesting reviews and articles which have appeared herein. At his funeral, which took place on June 5, in Frant Churchyard, there were many tokens of the affection and esteem in which James Dykes Campbell was held by leading men in the world of literature.]

It was in 1816, in the late springtime, that Coleridge began that visit to the Gillmans at The Grove, in Highgate, which ended only when they carried him to the last of his many earthly resting-places, in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Michael's. About midway in the long visit his hosts rebuilt for their honoured guest his attic room, transforming its original camp-ceiling (traces of which are still visible) into rectangular dignity. His pretty, old-fashioned grate—then a new-fangled thing—with its cosy hobs and curved bars, pictured here, still adds comfort to the room which was the poet's; but the book-shelves by the fireside have been added since his day. In Mr. Scharf's contemporary sketch (which forms the frontispiece to one of the volumes of the first edition of "Table Talk") the books lined only the wall opposite the fireplace.

The tablet sketched in our other illustration is in the parish church, dedicated to St. Michael, which had been rebuilt and consecrated only two years before the poet's death. The inscription is long, but no word of it all lacks sincerity, for it was erected by "James and Ann Gillman," who could not have found anywhere words with which to exaggerate their love and veneration for one who had been to them, truly, "an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend; the gentlest and kindest teacher; the most engaging home-companion." Coleridge would have said the same of the Gillmans, and with the same whole-hearted sincerity. To their own words they added these from his "Tombless Epitaph," composed a full quarter of a century before—

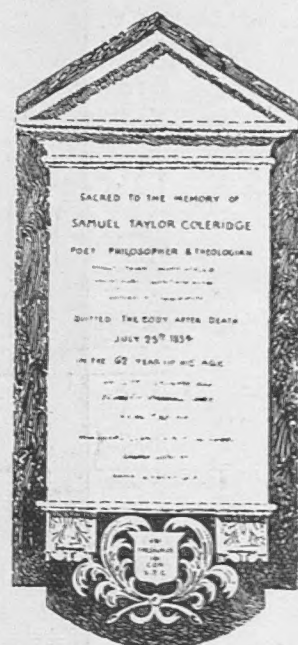
O framed for calmer times, and nobler hearts:  
O studious Poet, eloquent for truth:  
Philosopher, contemning wealth and death,  
Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love:  
*Here, rather than on monumental stone,*  
*This record of thy worth thy friend inscribes,*  
*Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.*

The three lines here italicised were happily adapted by the commemorators, thus—

Here, on thy monumental stone, thy friends inscribe thy worth.

## MADAME EMMA EAMES.

This brilliant vocalist has been achieving great success in Paris, and, in consequence, much interest is felt with regard to her anticipated appearance at the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden Theatre, where she is certain of a good reception. Last season, as is well known, she played the rôle of Charlotte in Massenet's opera "Werther," but that work did not meet with a very warm welcome. Madame Eames, who married Mr. Story, the artist, regards Paris as her home, and she has contrived to charm the French musical public almost as much as she did the British. Mr. Story, her husband, whose skill, we need hardly say, is well known, is the son of Mr. W. W. Story, who has shared his artistic interests between literature and sculpture. His other son is Mr. Waldo Story, who has inherited much of his father's ability in what Robert Browning considered the finest employment for inspired, or uninspired, moments. Madame Eames has thus become a member of a family-circle which is as highly distinguished in art as she herself is in music, so there is reason for congratulation on both sides.



Memorial Tablet in Coleridge  
St. Michael's Church





VALKYRIE III.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. WEST AND SON, SOUTHSEA.



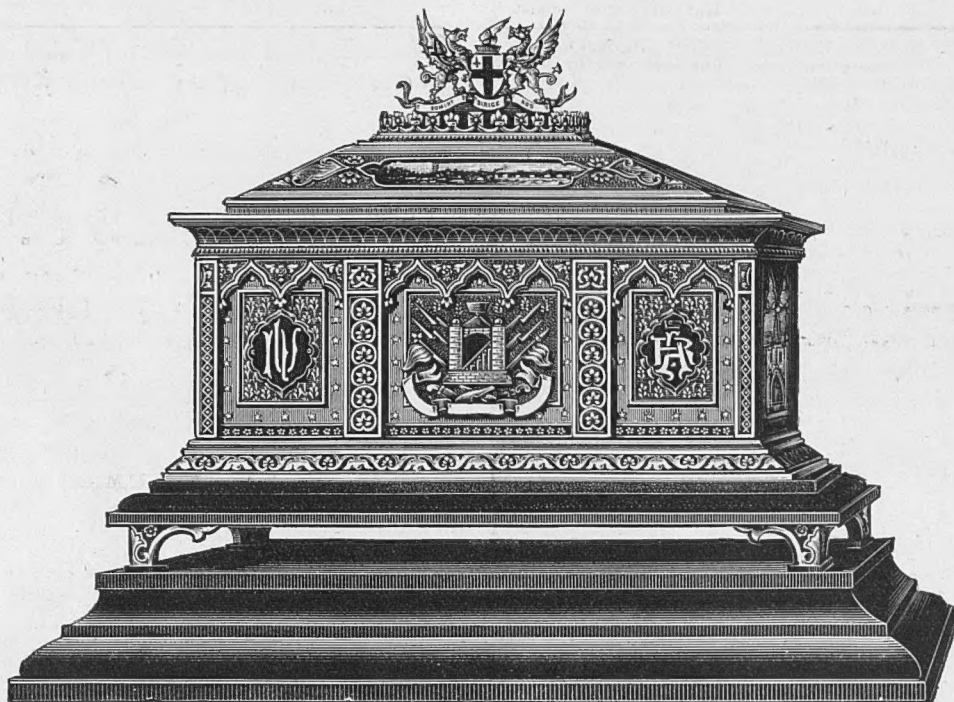
## THE SHAHZADA IN THE CITY.

The welcome of a national guest within our borders is never complete without an official recognition by the Metropolis. Thus it was that the sombre Shahzada found himself in the gorgeous Guildhall on Thursday, to receive the right hand of friendship from the Lord Mayor, in the name of the citizens of London Town. The day was lovely, and folk turned out in their thousands to watch the Shahzada's progress through the streets, accompanied by an escort of the Blues, and by ten Afghan cavalymen, who seemed cool and collected beneath their wolf-skin caftans, despite the heat of the June sun. A brilliant assemblage had gathered to see the ceremony. The Recorder, Sir Charles Hall, read the Address of Welcome to his Highness, the cordial tenour of which showed the remarkable change that has taken place in our relations with Afghanistan.

The address was enclosed in a remarkably handsome solid gold casket (18-carat Hall-marked), which had been entrusted to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, whose design was selected in competition. The accompanying illustration gives an excellent idea of this work of art. Within the centre

panel of the obverse is an inscription, "Presented, with an address of welcome, by the Corporation of the City of London, to his Highness Shahzada Nasr Ulla Khan, the 6th day of June, 1895." The right and left panels bear the monograms of the Shahzada and the Ameer respectively, divided from the centre panel by pillars in *repoussé* Persian

Arabesque. The reverse bears an equivalent inscription in Persian characters, flanked by the arms of Afghanistan, with the pilasters and ornamentation as on the obverse. Upon each extremity are depicted, in relief, views of the Guildhall and Dorchester House. Rising in simple lines from the panelled arcading, the cover, also treated in Persian Arabesques, with suitable spaces on the obverse and reverse for views of the Tower Bridge, bears, in full blazon, upon a raised dome, the arms of the City of London, surrounded by a coronet of *fleur-de-lis* and Maltese crosses. The whole rests upon feet in decorated gold, standing upon a crimson base, which, in turn, rests upon an ebony plinth, with a platform in blue velvet. The Shahzada's reply to the address was translated by Colonel Talbot, who has been acting as interpreter Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Ameer, coupled with that of the Shahzada, who amused the company by standing up and drinking his own health.



THE GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO THE SHAHZADA.

to the Prince. A banquet followed. The health of the Ameer, coupled with that of the company by standing up and drinking



THE SHAHZADA ON HIS WAY TO THE GUILDHALL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. H. BRUNEL, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.



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The Cheap Bookings to Brighton by Ordinary and Excursion Trains from above Stations will be suspended on these days.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate stations, as per handbills.

(By Order)

A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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## SMALL TALK.

The Queen, who had not been very well during the last few days of her stay at Windsor, has already derived great benefit from the bracing air of the Highlands. During the past week, her Majesty has been out daily in the gardens and "policies" of the Castle, and has several times visited Crathie. The royalties have also been to the Glen Gelder Shiel and Abergeldie Castle, but they have not yet made any long excursions. The day after her arrival at Balmoral, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg, visited several of the cottages at Crathie, and distributed useful gifts to the poor people in honour of her birthday; while, in the afternoon, the royal servants were all assembled in the hall, and each received a present from her Majesty.

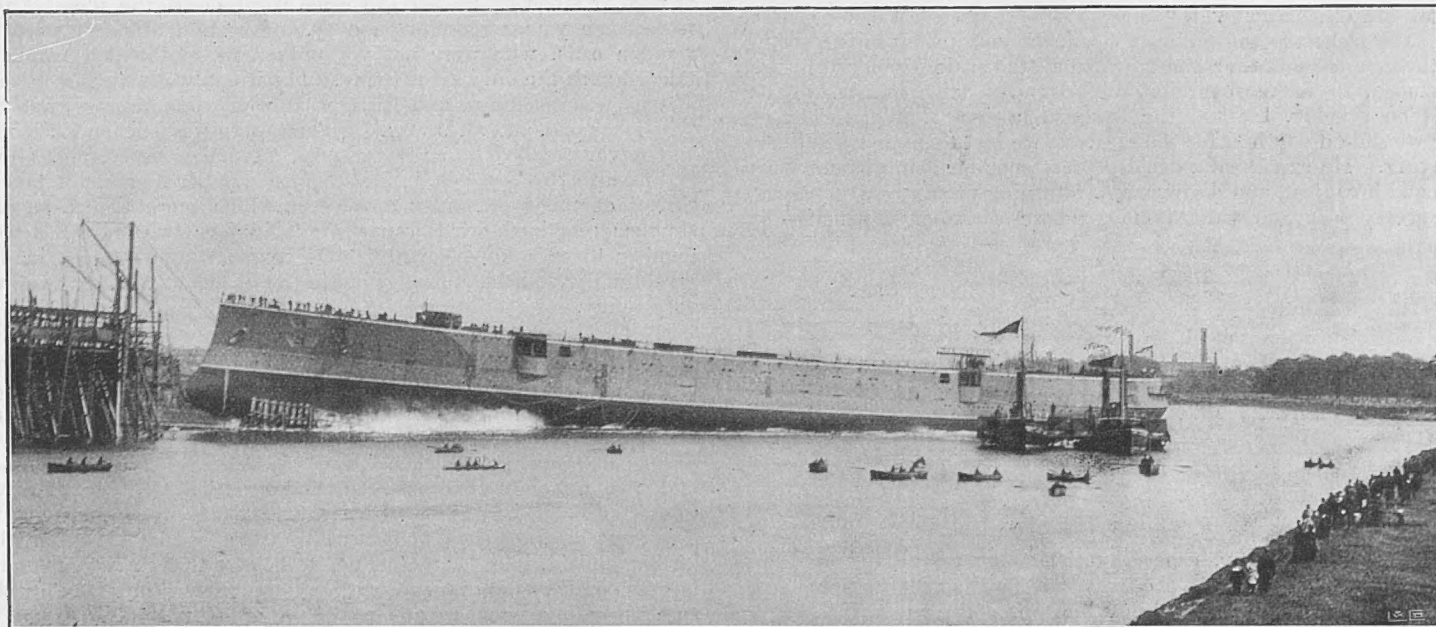
The officials had a considerable amount of trouble this year in fixing the dates of the State Balls and Concerts at Buckingham Palace, owing to the difficulty of finding days that would suit the Prince of Wales, whose engagements are unusually numerous just now, and also on account of the uncertainty of the movements of the various royal visitors from abroad. Nearly two thousand invitations were issued for the recent State Ball, and an even larger number will have to be sent out for the second of these functions.

The royal yacht Alberta, which has been laid up at Portsmouth, is now undergoing her annual refit, in preparation for the Queen's summer residence at Osborne, when the vessel will be in constant use; and the

Who, please, is the greater delinquent of the two—the French journalist who with the names of Lord Rosebery and Lord Tweedmouth coupled that of "Lord Fowler," or the New York reviewer who ascribed the authorship of "Esther Waters" to George Meredith?

The latest addition to our Navy, H.M.S. Terrible, which has just been launched on the Clyde, justifies its title. The Terrible belongs to the protected-cruiser type, is 538 ft. over all, 71 ft. broad, and her depth is 43 ft. 4 in. from the upper deck. The displacement of the vessel at the load draught is 14,250 tons. The Blake and the Blenheim, the largest vessels in the Navy, have a length of 375 ft. between perpendiculars, a breadth of 65 ft., and a displacement of 9000 tons, so that the Terrible is an immense advance in respect of size. In lieu of the belt of side-armour, protection of the machinery and magazines and other vital portions of the ship is afforded by a strong steel arched deck. The hull of the vessel is divided, in all, into 236 water-tight compartments. The steel skin of the vessel is sheathed outside with teak planks, and about 120 tons of phosphor-bronze have been used in the construction of the hull. The total complement of the vessel's officers and men will be 900. The engines of the vessel are of the vertical inverted triple-expansion type, each engine having four cylinders. The collective horse-power of the two engines is intended to be 25,000, which will give a speed of about 22 knots on trial, while the vessel is expected to steam at a speed of 20 knots continuously at sea.

To English health-resorts another has just been added by the medical profession. A new spa has been discovered at St. Neots, Huntingdon-



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. TERRIBLE ON THE CLYDE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STUART, LTD., GLASGOW.

Victoria and Albert is also to lie off Cowes. The cabins of the Alberta are being thoroughly renovated and redecorated. The Osborne is also undergoing a thorough overhaul, as the Prince of Wales is to join the yacht at Cowes on Aug. 3, and is to live on board during his stay in the Solent, which is to extend over three weeks. At the end of August the Prince goes to Homburg for his usual course of the waters.

The Princess of Wales has again been suffering from rheumatism of the knees, and it pains her if she has to stand for any length of time. It is possible that the Princess will go to Wiesbaden or Aix-les-Bains early in August, for three weeks, in order to take a course of waters, and to undergo the massage treatment. The King of the Hellenes is expected at Wiesbaden towards the end of July for a "cure."

The Prince of Wales will stay at St. Leonard's Hill, near Windsor, for the Ascot Week. His Royal Highness will have a large luncheon-party in the dining-room behind the Stand on each day of the races. The Lord Chamberlain has charge of the Stand, which is entirely under the control of his department; but the daily luncheon is provided by the Lord Steward, and comes from Windsor Castle.

I was dining at the house of a new Birthday Honour man, when the children were brought in at the greedy hour of dessert, and, as accompaniment to the somewhat tasteless joys of early strawberries, their father was called on to recount the joys and tremblings of his journey down to Court in bran-new suit and sword, with all the thrilling concomitants which followed. "And you went down on one knee, didn't you, father?" "Yes, and the Queen touched me on the shoulder with a sword, and—" "What did it feel like?" asked a little girl, in awe-struck tones. "Why, just like being installed for electric light, of course," said her brother impatiently. "Go on, father; Kitty will interrupt so!"

shire, and its virtues are compared to those of Cheltenham, Leamington, and various Continental spas. This particular spring of healing waters owes its discovery, it is stated, to the sinking of an artesian well at certain paper-mills a few years since; but it appears not improbable that the virtues of this district were not unknown as long ago as the ninth century, for here the bones of the great little St. Neot were brought from the monastery which he founded in Cornwall, and pilgrims got health for soul and body on the spot. I speak of the saint as "great little" advisedly, for tradition tells us that the holy man, whose mortal remains gave the name of St. Neots to a township hitherto known as Ainolfsbury, was so tiny of stature that, to celebrate the Mass, he was compelled to stand upon a stool. Though his material bulk was small, his spirit was great, and the works which he performed were so acceptable, that once, when at his Cornish monastery, thieves—sacriligious wretches!—stole his team of oxen, the red-deer came, all unsolicited, from the forest, and offered their unaccustomed necks to the yoke. This West Country saint was a cousin of Alfred the Great, and it was by the order of the Saxon monarch that he was translated to Huntingdon. Let us hope that the spa named after the saint will prove to have as many virtues as that *multum in parvo*, the saint himself, then latter-day pilgrims will have reason to bless his name.

Quite the latest feminine grievance in Paris is that, since hats have grown so large, it is not alone inconvenient, but impracticable, to walk about at ease and be, at the same time, fashionably and sufficiently broad-brimmed. An epidemic of carriages has, therefore, been the result, at which husbands grumble somewhat, while the disciples of St. Fiacre openly rejoice. But even the modern brougham has its limits; and I have seen two modish hats quite "block the way" of a third, while an unfortunate husband, who was altogether obliterated, would, no doubt, have gladly exchanged seats with his footman had that exalted but subordinate position been at all feasible.



Since I found myself in London on Whit-Sunday, it seemed to me a good idea to "drop a paste-board," which, I believe, is the correct slang for "leave a card," upon the baby zebra at the Zoo. Of course, I found him at home, and a prettier little creature one could not wish to see. The Gardens are now in excellent trim, though the cage of the white bear has sadly fallen off in interest. When I was in the reptile-house, trying vainly to see the famous Surinam toad, there suddenly entered a crowd of gentlemen with decided complexions, most of them wearing Astrakhan hats. "Nasrulla Khan and his suite," whispered a policeman. When I came up to them, the door of the cage of the twenty-foot python was opened, the attendant skipped in briskly, grasped the huge monster by his head, and dragged half of him out of the tank, and retired, before the astonished python had time to say "Jack Robinson." Our Afghan guests seemed greatly surprised at the skill and pluck of the man. Later on came a curious sight, for at sunset about a third of the suite drew up in a line on the green in front of the bear-houses, and stood turned towards Hammersmith—or, I should say, the East. Then they took off their tan boots, and for ten minutes uttered their prayers, standing straight up at one minute, and kneeling down and touching the ground with their foreheads the next. It was a touching picture, which greatly interested all the onlookers save those of the suite who did not join in the proceedings. I understand that Nasrulla Khan himself retired to the superintendent's office, and there performed the evening devotions of a strict Mohammedan in private.

A correspondent, who went down to Stratford-on-Avon during Whitsun with a couple of friends, relates a curious experience he encountered. The historic town was crammed full of visitors (he says), and we tried for some time to get diggings without success. At last, as a forlorn hope, we entered a small refreshment-house, and found that we could be accommodated if two of us would share one room, and the other occupy a "Shaksperian" garret. We, of course, agreed. The place was scrupulously clean, the only inconvenience being that in the double room they had crowded all the sitting-room furniture, sofa included, to make room for Whit-Monday excursionists. After breakfast on Sunday, I asked the landlord, a typical Warwick man, whether we should pay him for the meals as we had them or wait till we were leaving. He expressed a decided preference for being paid at once for beds and breakfast, and disappeared, returning promptly with a small piece of greasy paper, on which this legend was scribbled in pencil—

	s.	d.
Bed up above	1	6
Breadfast	1	6 each.
The bed below	2	0
each. Total	10	0

The next morning he presented another little list—

	s.	d.
Dinners...	2	6 each.
Teas	1	6 each.
Beds	2	0 each.
One up above	1	6
Breadfast	1	6 each.
Total	22	0

This was again satisfactory, especially the "One up above," and we forthwith dubbed our friend of the "Shaksperian" garret with his new title, which I trust will not unduly puff him up.

The Administration seems likely to come to grief over the Local Veto Bill, of which the descendant of the Plantagenets is so enamoured. Even the extreme Liberals are by no means unanimous as to its desirability. The other evening, I heard a suburban orator—a Radical, too—declare that "the Government ship would be wrecked in the attempt to turn that oasis of the working-man, his club, the local public, into an arid desert." This was not bad for a mixed metaphor. The idea of any ship—except a camel, that "ship of the desert"—foundering in an arid waste, was almost as funny, as some of those metaphors that are heard in the House itself. Talking of metaphors, I notice that strange ones are not confined to politics. The dramatic critic of a contemporary, gushing, the other day, over the unconvincing Fédera of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, compared that clever lady to a column—"tall, erect, and slender as a marble column." To those of the public who have not seen Mrs. Pat, and have seen marble columns, the metaphor might be misleading. I have seen marble columns not far off a hundred feet high, and some twenty feet in girth, while those that are of the actress's height are generally but a few inches in circumference! This gentleman's editor might use the "blue pencil" of the stage to advantage.

The ever-vexed question of misprints, or "printers' errors," has cropped up again in a new form, the parties to the case—for it led to a lawsuit—being two French ladies. The younger, Mdlle. A., the sister of a well-known sculptor, had written, under a *nom de guerre*, a story designed for family reading, and she had arranged to pay eight hundred francs, for the printing of a thousand copies, to the plaintiff in the action, an elderly lady, Mdlle. B., who made it her business to print and publish such innocent works for domestic consumption only. Unfortunately, when the book was ready, Mdlle. A. discovered that the "comps" had been making havoc of her best-beloved phrases and had spoilt some of her cherished sentences. I daresay that the fault was hers and not that of the "comps" (a race of mortals to whom I personally give a great deal of trouble); but, at any rate, she flatly declined to pay. Mdlle. B.

produced, as one of her witnesses, a Paris publisher, who gravely averred that misprints did no damage to the circulation of a book at all, inasmuch as people could not find out the errors until after they had bought the work. After this pleasing fallacy the case was adjourned. Mdlle. A. ought certainly to pay at least seven hundred francs—why didn't she revise her proofs carefully?

Mr. Pinero, we know, and other authors, too, get the names of some of their characters by looking about them as they take their walks abroad, and there is certainly one firm in London bearing the name of Tanqueray. Mr. Robert Cromie, author of "A Plunge into Space," has adopted another expedient in his second book, "The Crack of Doom." In order to save himself trouble in name-giving, he has had recourse to the front page of the *Stage*, and has fitted his personages with patronymics taken from the "card" advertisements in that paper. So far, so good; but suppose an exponent of sympathetic parts had his or her name tacked on "a thoroughly bad lot" in Mr. Cromie's story—that might be awkward.

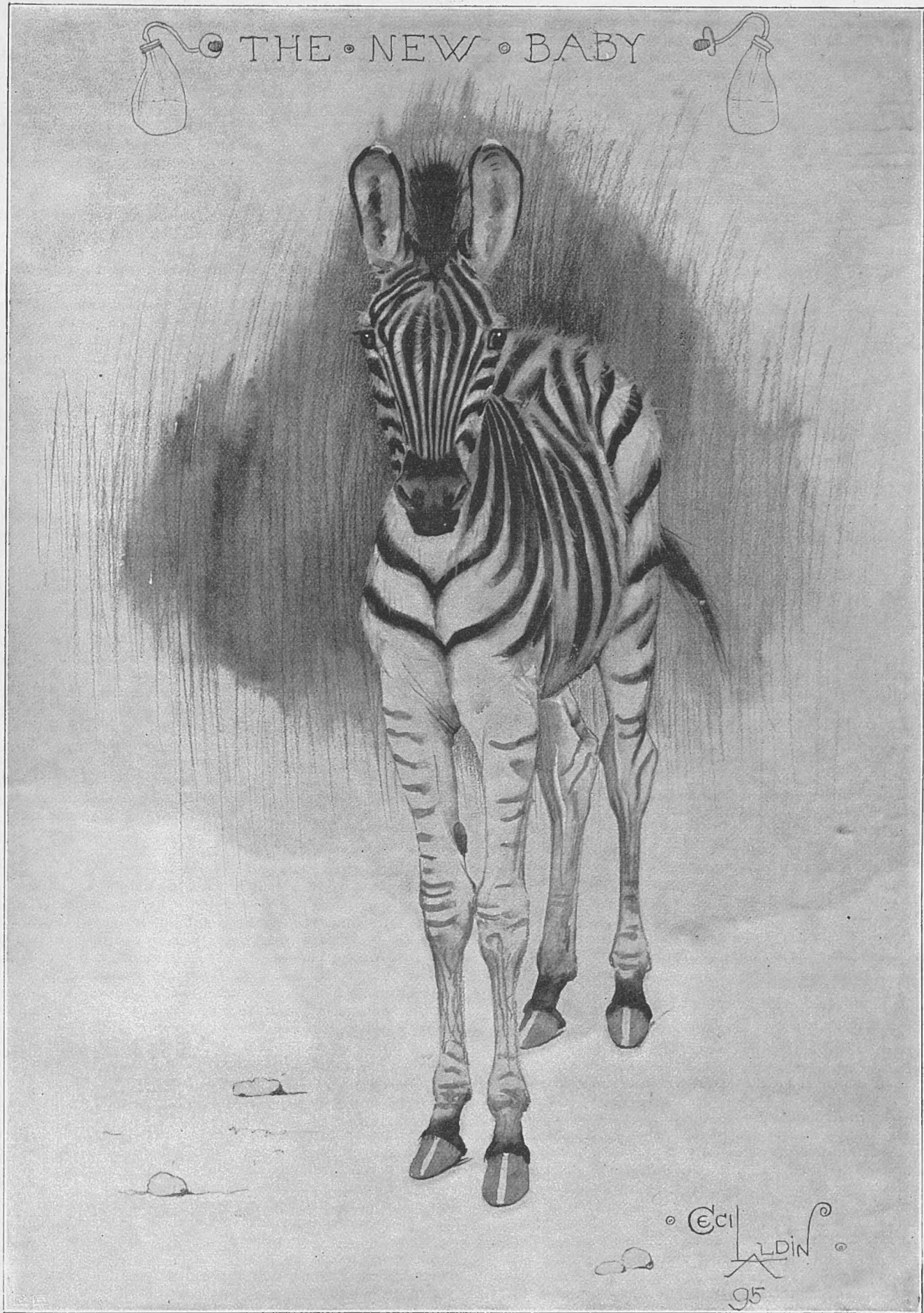
There are some droll items in the Municipal Budget of Messina. For the keep of the cat in the Archives Office, twenty lire a-month; and for the maintenance of the seven geese in the Public Park, thirty lire a-month. Total, 600 lire a-year.

Men in authority must, at times, find the utmost difficulty in preserving the gravity due to their position. A gallant officer has been telling me some incidents in a very varied career, and I obtained his permission to publish one or two. An occasion on which he must have found it hard not to laugh was when he was on duty at Maidstone, many years ago, in the time of the old Cavalry Dépôt. It was a very foggy night, and there was a complete silence, only broken by the voices of the sentries, who, at regular intervals, passed the usual word down the line. Now there were some young recruits on duty, and certain of them were regular London cads, who were not yet broken in, and whose manners were tainted with the old way of living. My friend woke up just as the usual watch was passing; and this was what he heard—First Sentry: "Number one, and all's well." Then there was silence for a moment, and a voice called into the darkness, "Number three, and all's well, and number two's asleep." But before number four could take up the thread of the proceedings a voice, in which more than a suspicion of slumber remained, cried hurriedly: "Number two and all's well, and number three's a — liar!" Of course, such a remark in daylight would not have been amusing, but in the silence of the foggy night it was very funny.

Most of us have, at some time or other, climbed a mountain, and felt some slight and unaccountable effects from either the rarity of the air or giddiness on looking back at the distance traversed. I have been informed by a traveller of repute that mountain-sickness is now a well-developed complaint which frequently attacks people who, on and after middle-age, take to unaccustomed climbing. This fact adds a new terror to existence. Sea-sickness we know, and it takes many journeys to out-grow, but I always thought that we were safe on land. From what my informant said, I am rather inclined to believe that such troubles are due, in great part, to the overwrought nervous systems of many people, who rush through existence with the speed, noise, and rattle of the Scotch Express. The art of being lazy has gone to join the art of being contented, and left, as its successor, a condition of nervous excitement that must make life almost unendurable to a well-regulated mind. It is, perhaps, a good thing that Nature demands her penalty for misdirected energy, and she certainly finds a new complaint for every new indiscretion. The folly of madly rushing over mountains without any provocation beyond a healthy bank-balance has attracted her attention, hence mountain-sickness. And, although we may endeavour to cheat her in many ways, Nature's retribution is invariably bound to come, even after many years, when we feel inclined to claim a Statute of Limitations for the benefit of long-forgotten indiscretions.

People scarcely realise how large an amount of fine, rare wine and spirits lies hidden in old country hostleries. Outside London few people care for any but sweet wines, and on this account clarets and dry champagne of great age and fine flavour are often to be found. I know a small hotel whose name wild horses shall not drag from me, situated not many miles from one side of the New Forest. I found myself there once on a fishing expedition, and made friends with mine host, a typical innkeeper, whose red face and extensive width betokened good living. We talked about wine, and he produced some of the finest claret I ever wish to taste. It had been in his cellars as long as he remembered. He also showed me some curiously sealed bottles of Hollands, undeniably old. A connoisseur would have taken up his abode there for good, and would have been well rewarded. I have made very similar discoveries in Kent and Sussex. All these wines probably belong to an age before adulteration became a fine art, and long-keeping has made them perfect. Nobody among the natives cares for them, and Boniface usually keeps the supply for the benefit of favoured visitors from London. The spirits in towns and villages on the sea-coast were probably smuggled on shore in the days when Excisemen and smugglers indulged in hand-to-hand fights, and lent a romantic *couleur locale* to the South of England that is sadly missing in these prosaic days. Nowadays, the lodging-house keeper and divers unnameable little wild-fowl flaunt proudly in the regions of our native land's forgotten attempt at romance.





THE BABY ZEBRA AT THE "ZOO" (A WEEK OLD).  
BORN ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,



Miss Emily Faithfull suffered much from asthma, which she relieved by smoking cigars. I know a number of ladies who smoke cigarettes, but a large and powerful cigar is seldom seen in a feminine mouth. In Miss Faithfull's case, I believe that tobacco contributed much to the geniality which was one of her most striking characteristics. A kindlier woman never lived, and I can say with confidence that many whom she befriended in their early struggles cherish her memory with affectionate regard.

I understand that Sir Henry Irving's professional colleagues intend to present him with a valuable piece of plate and an address, to celebrate the distinction which he has received from the Queen. Such a tribute from the English players is only fitting after the remarkable letter to Sir Henry from the Comédie Française. By the way, there is no such person as Sir Henry Broderibb, for Mr. Irving changed his name by formal process of law years ago.



A TRUE AND NOBLE KNIGHT.

A new terror is in store for "celebrities," "persons of note," and "distinguished people" generally. A human demon resident in Iowa has compiled a book called "Unknown Facts about Well-Known People," which he has considerably provided as a handbook for autograph-collectors. The precocious children who are always bothering Sir Henry Irving, or John Burns, or Lord Rosebery, for autographs, will henceforward have no difficulty in inflicting the maximum amount of torture upon the maximum number of helpless victims. Their guide, philosopher, and friend, whose name is Moorhead, gives the address of everybody of any importance, the salient features of each particular celebrity's life and works, the names and addresses of friends and relatives of "dead lions" who might be disposed

to supply autographs, facsimiles of hundreds of autograph letters, and finally, for the purpose of effecting "exchanges," the names and addresses of all available autograph-collectors. Surely this patient enemy of the great in all branches of the world's work deserves the subtlest torments that even Dante imagined.

At Olympia the Derby—on the stage with horses, and on the lake with wooden ducks—is being run morning and evening. It creates much amusement.

The Saxe-Coburg company, comprising one hundred and thirty-three persons, who are to follow Duse at Drury Lane Theatre, arrive in London, *via* the Hook of Holland, on Friday, to open on the following Monday with Zeller's comic opera, "Der Vogelhändler," which will be followed by the comedy "Die Ehre," and other famous German plays, including "Hänsel und Gretel."

An interesting concert will be that given by Miss Janotha on Friday week in memory of Chopin. John Oliver Hobbes is to play, Miss Ella Russell and Miss Marie Brema will sing, and Sarah Bernhardt will also appear.

What Mr. Gus Elen would say if he sat out a *matinée* in a theatre—

Oh! it really is a werry pretty garden,  
The actors by the stallites could be seen;  
And with patience I'll engage  
You could almost see the stage—  
If it weren't for the picture-hats between.

I am sure I wish Mr. Arthur Bouchier the fullest measure of success in his forthcoming bold venture at the Royalty, and yet I cannot help likening in my mind the doleful series of performances, morning and evening, which I have witnessed within the little theatre in Dean Street, to that dread procession of Banquo's descendants with which the eyes of Macbeth were troubled. "Little Miss 'Cute," "That Terrible Girl," "Cotsford Dick's unfortunate opera "The Baroness," Dr. Aveling's "Frog," Bjornstjerne Björnson's "A Gauntlet"; an awful American melodrama, "Alone in the World"; "Peterkin," that brought to grief a bogus manager; "Gillette," and other unsuccessful adaptations from French opéra comique; an unlucky triple bill—here is but a selection of Royalty failures. Happily, there are pleasant things to be set off against these—the first instalment of the success of "Charley's Aunt"; Sims's early farcical comedy "Crutch and Toothpick"; "Venus," an entertaining burlesque put together by Augustus Harris and Edward Rose, and not unworthy of that old-time Royalty "hit," "Ixion"; "The Merry Duchess," one of the many musical pieces in which Miss Kate Santley has figured at her theatre; the revival, in 1873, of "Wild Oats," with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Rover, long before he had even dreamed of playing such parts as David Garrick, or Sir Richard Kato, or Home

Secretary Trendel; the very first stage appearance of the late Miss Heath, and the celebrated "Black-eyed Susan." I will leave to others the thankless task of casting up the balance in the matter of the Royalty.

Never before have I heard of operas being judged by any sort of gastronomical test, and yet it appears that an American restaurant-keeper has long been in the habit of applying this food criterion to musical drama. My ignorance, perhaps, is pardonable. According to this wonderfully clever purveyor of meat and drink, Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" is one of the best—or shall I say, most paying?—of all operas. His reason is that the constant gazing at tropical scenery induces great thirst among the component parts of an audience. Two other works of which also he entertains the highest possible opinion are "Les Huguenots" and "Götterdämmerung," and here again our critic has substantial grounds for his judgment. During single performances of these operas, he and his assistants have been kept mightily busy with cutting up and serving six hams, four hundred sausages, and five big Swiss cheeses, not to speak of the labour involved in pouring out the contents of six barrels of beer and innumerable cooling drinks.

A certain provincial comedian is careful to make it clear that he is not as others are, for, in announcing that he has not been advertising for artists for open-air concerts, he proudly adds that he is performing under his own name, and can "trace his descent from the time of Richard I."

The recent decision of Mr. Vaughan, that learned magistrate, with regard to the instrument of torture which, for our sins, is permitted to make day and night hideous in our London streets, has greatly exercised the minds of the nervous householder. But, after all, things are by no means so bad as, at a first glance, they appear: What if one may not "move on" the Italian (or disguised Whitechapel) torturer unless there is illness in the house? A few tunes played on a rampant piano-organ will surely supply the necessary distemper, and the stipendiary does not appear to have insisted on the production of a doctor's certificate. What if one has to plead interruption to business? Well, we all of us have some business at home to occupy us, and to snatch up the baker's book and wildly attempt to check the number of loaves delivered is quite good enough "business" to excuse the sending of the abhorred foreigner about his. So let the timid take courage, and decline to submit to the infliction which a wise Providence and the lack of a law with regard to aliens or foreign bodies allow to be thrust upon us. When the Millennium arrives, organs will doubtless be left out; but, till then, let us get rid of them, stipendiary magistrates notwithstanding.

Our home cricketers, who are distinguishing themselves just now by their big scores and general excellency of play, may, perchance, be interested to hear that the great national game is now become quite popular in distant Fiji—about which interesting group of islands, by the way, there was an article only a week or two ago. A friend of mine who has lived in Suva, the Fijian capital, for a considerable number of years, sent me, a few days since, a couple of copies of the *Fiji Times*, which is published every Wednesday and Saturday in Suva (price sixpence), and seems to us a goodly sum for a single and unillustrated sheet), and boasts itself the "oldest established journal of the Western Pacific." From this paper I learn that the Fiji cricket team had, at the time of its publication—the end of last March—just returned from a successful and enjoyable tour in New Zealand, where they had been hospitably received, and had done considerable execution on the various cricket-grounds of the country once ruled by the warlike Maoris. The team is partly composed, so I judge by the names of the players, of native Fiji chiefs who have long since been weaned from all affection for their fellows "as wittles," but who do not disdain to take a life at cricket when an opposing batsman gives them the chance. The fast bowler, the "demon" of Fiji, is one Tui Vanna, who made much havoc of the New Zealand stumps, and who can, like our own Richardson, when occasion demands it, protect his own stumps in sturdy fashion from the enemy's attack. The native bowler's average was a fraction under nine for fifty wickets taken, most of them clean bowled, and the Suva editor acknowledges gracefully his services to Fiji. So encouraging was this New Zealand tour that it would not surprise me, in these days of travelling, to see a Fiji team encountering Surrey at the historic Oval.

By the way, it is not uninteresting to note that the light operas that were popular in England some years ago are still doing excellent business in the Colonies. "Paul Jones"—which will long be remembered here, if only for the delightful impersonation of the hero by Agnes Huntington—and "The Vicar of Bray" were among the entertainments which gave the Fiji cricketers enjoyment during their New Zealand trip. Another matter in the *Fiji Times* that affords food for reflection is a paper-war on the observance of the Sabbath. This seems to be a bone of contention wherever we Britons, and especially North Britons, congregate. I remember, curiously enough, that a similar battle was being fought in a West African journal that I mentioned in these columns some months ago. I wonder why, all the world over, one set of folks will interfere with another set's ideas of how to spend the Day of Rest?

The Queen has accepted a copy of Mr. Algernon Graves's new "Dictionary of Artists who have Exhibited from 1760-1893."

The '91 Art Club will hold their Annual Exhibition of Members' Works at the Egyptian Hall about the end of the month.



"Pallettaria," the burlesque with which the Royal Academy Students' Dramatic Club opened their third season in St. George's Hall, Langham Place, on Tuesday last week, is a piece in which, to paraphrase the judicious language of Pepys, there are "many good humours." This the audience enthusiastically recognised. The plot is slight, reminiscent, and amusing. The Pallettarians elect, as their Art Professor, Arthur Smythe-Jones, a stranger from Margate. He proposes to imbue the artists with a progressive spirit. This he does with so much success that the King, when he sees his pupils' work, solemnly curses him. The Professor takes refuge in disguise and flight. Finally, as his daughter is betrothed to the King's brother, he is pardoned, and appointed Lord Chamberlain. Art is long, although time is not fleeting when its principles are expounded by a minor poet; but with the Professor as interpreter, the subject is wholly delightful. This symbolic metaphor is daring, "If artists are to be judged by the size of their ties, Art has a great future before it."

The acting was good throughout, and would have been better if all the performers had been word-perfect. Mr. Walter Churcher, as the Professor, was extremely funny. Miss Nellie Du Maurier's acting is remarkable for its liveliness; her dancing is excellent. Miss Anna

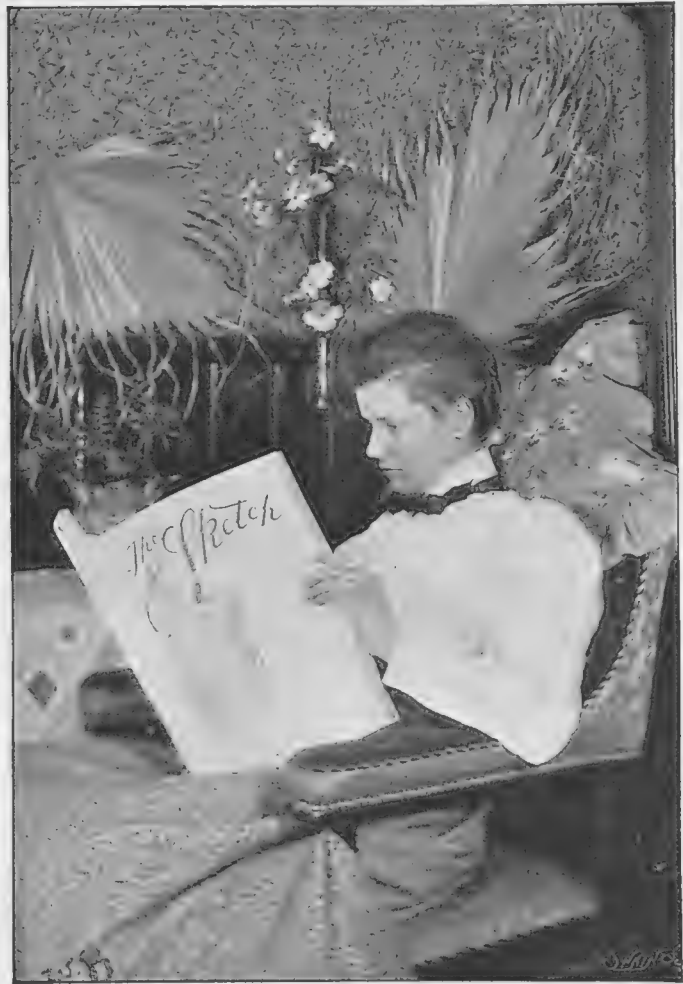
making himself more and more disliked by the permanent Court officials. His strange influence over the Queen is viewed with suspicion and annoyance by all who understand the Eastern character. The Queen, however, will hear nothing against him, and a special establishment, with special servants and special horses, is reserved for the benefit of this fortunate Hindoo.

In the article in these pages on Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, the publishers, reference was made to "the late" Mr. Ebenezer Ward. I am glad to say, however, that Mr. Ward, though now an old man, is still in the land of the living, and he took leave of Mr. Bowden on the latter's departure for America the other day.

I wonder what the average respectable rate-paying paterfamilias would say did he hear some of the stories told by our riverside police? There is no exaggeration in saying that our London docks are the hunting-ground of men from whom nearly every vestige of humanity has departed. There are streets, well known to the police, in which it is absolutely unsafe for a stranger to venture. There is wholesale robbery, and, now and again, a murder about which very little is heard. I have



CHOOSING A BOOK.



THE CHOSEN.

FROM FLASH-LIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BURKE, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

Kinnison dances with grace, and discovers unexpected talents for burlesque. The whistling solo of Mr. Charles Capper was deservedly encored. Mr. S. Jacobs is an amusing stage Frenchman and Mr. Harold Speed a good elocutionist. The other parts were capitally sustained. The band fought against the dancers in their courses, but, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, Mr. E. A. Lambert, the popular conductor, did his best.

Apropos of a paragraph in last week's issue, on watches, a lady writes me from Reigate—

I borrowed a watch last Monday, and wore it in my belt. On returning it, my friend told me it had gained ten minutes. This is the third time this has happened to me—once on wearing a watch belonging to an old lady, which had kept good and even time for some years. Still, I should be sorry to think that the bearer in such cases should be "fast," as suggested.

On the same subject another lady writes me from Accrington—

For years it has been a standing joke against my husband that every watch he wore gained in the most extraordinary fashion. One good gold lever was so bad he could not wear it. I took it to America and wore it for six months, and it never varied a minute. Then my sister lent him hers, which is an heirloom, and a splendid one to go; it also gained. Then he tried my daughter's tiny gun-metal one, with the same result. I may also say one he got from the jeweller while his was being mended gained tremendously.

The Queen's Munshi, Hafiz Abdul Karim, which might be freely translated as Mr. Phæbus—an excellent name for him, as he certainly rose in the East, and appears equally determined to set in the West—is

been through many of these slums by day and by night, and have been struck by the fact that the life there would be hailed as a revelation five miles westwards, and would give journalistic London a nine days' wonder. Unfortunately, it is squalid and brutal, without one touch of the picturesque. It is easier to get blood from a stone than a column of romantic "copy" from an evil ruffian who is speechless or blasphemous from excess of indulgence in beer or gin. Down in the East men are damaged, not so much by the large quantity, as by the bad quality of the stuff they drink. Hence the vice and crime, the appalling but absolutely true narratives of the police which a certain young man of the *New York World* thought fit to reject.

I am glad to learn that *The Sketch* is popular in New Zealand. A Christchurch correspondent writes me—

Quite recently we had a young lady visitor who read us out of hearth and home. On one particular evening she went through the book-case from top to bottom without finding anything to suit her taste. Finally, I produced a big file of *The Sketch*, and from that time out she was kept fully interested, and I had no more bother about reading-matter. The incident was so amusing that I improvised a flash-light apparatus, and then and there secured mementoes of the occasion (herewith reproduced). The flash-lamp, I may say, was composed of two clay pipes, round the bowl of which lamp-wick, soaked in methylated spirits, was wound. The charges of magnesium powder were placed in the bowls of the pipes, the spirits lighted, and the powder blown through the flame.

In the series of portraits of stallholders at the "Ierne" Bazaar, Dublin, the name of Mrs. Cooper Lalor should have been Mrs. Cooke Lawless.



## THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY TEAM FOR HENLEY.

*Photographs by James Burton, Brooklyn, New York.*

THE CREW AT FULL SPEED ON LAKE CAYUGA.

This year Henley will be made uncommonly interesting and exciting by the appearance of America, as represented by a crew from Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., who landed on our shores last week. It is appropriate that Cornell should come to Henley, for it was an Englishman who inspired the undergraduates of Ithaca with the idea of boating. In 1870 the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" visited Cornell. On that occasion, Judge Hughes actively participated in a football game, just to show "how we English fellows play the Rugby game." He expressed surprise that boating was not popular in Ithaca, where the natural advantages for the sport were so great, and he urged the students to organise clubs. In remembrance of his visit, and as an incentive to aquatic racing, he presented a silver "mug" to the students, to be

competed for by rival crews. To Judge Hughes, then, Cornell is largely indebted for its start in rowing—in fact, he might properly be called the father of the sport at the University. Soon afterwards, the Tom Hughes Boat Club came into life. At a mass meeting held in May, 1871, the students organised the Cornell Navy, and decided to build a boathouse at the Inlet. Sufficient money was raised through subscription to purchase the lumber, and a structure, twenty by seventy feet, was built by the students themselves, without any outside assistance whatever. In 1873 boating took a new lease of life at Ithaca, when the President of the University presented a new cedar six-oared shell to the Navy, which, up to that time, had struggled on the waters of Cayuga Lake with a lap-streaked craft and a wooden shell without sliding-seats. Cornell, for the first time, met other college crews at Springfield, but did not make a favourable show, owing to the fact that a most unfortunate position was drawn in the race. Undaunted by past defeats, Cornell determined in 1875 to retrieve previous misfortunes, and most successfully did she do so at Saratoga, for the Cornell crew won the freshmen's race—defeating haughty Harvard, Brown, and Princeton—and the University race as well. Since then, Cornell has had a triumphant career, and has won thirty-three victories on the water. She has never had a freshman crew defeated, and has never lost a race in an eight-oared shell. Her defeats number but eight, and she holds the record for three miles and one mile and a half, as well as the inter-collegiate single-scutt record. An American critic has already declared that, in general, the chances in the English race are decidedly against Cornell. The climate, the knowledge of course and conditions, and greater age and experience, are all in favour of the Englishmen; but the Cornell crew is a fast one, and will make a good fight.



VIEW OF THE COURSE ON THE LAKE WHERE THE CORNELL TEAM TRAINS.



THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY TEAM FOR HENLEY.

*Photographs by James Burton, Brooklyn, New York.*



THE CREW BRINGING THE BOAT OUT OF THE HOUSE TO EMBARK.



THE CORNELL TEAM.



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

There is a world of pathos in the case of the monthly reviewer who has to survey mankind weeks after the subjects of which he treats have been exhausted by the journals, if not forgotten. Some of us know what it is to travel in our own footsteps, month by month to skim the stubble-field, on the chance of finding a few grains of wheat which we or others had previously overlooked. I do not wonder that "The Looker-on" in *Blackwood* has a nasty touch of jaundice. It is a poor business to look on when you are too late for the procession, when all the valuable ideas which might have struck you, had you been "on time," as the Americans say, have been tossed by earlier observers to the winds of heaven; and, worst of all, when you know that before your speculations on a barren prospect are in print, the journalists will be entertaining the public with something quite fresh. So I am not surprised to find that "The Looker-on" is a sad misanthrope. He says the journalists create fictitious people, like the New Woman, and fictitious movements, like the "Ibsen craze," all for their own venal advantage. It is like the late bird who has missed the worm accusing the early bird of sordid motives. When Stevenson died, the journalists discussed his genius and his career, till the soul of "The Looker-on" was "sick of Louis Stevenson." Indeed, that fastidious soul has a suspicion that Stevenson's friends strove to make all the money they could out of the dead. It is a nice, amiable suggestion; but "The Looker-on" hastens to disclaim the uncharitable insinuation that there was a conspiracy to kill Stevenson and sell his bones.

You see what pernicious omnipotence the journalist wields. The magicians of old were nothing to him. That Aaron's rod should have swallowed the rods of the Egyptian necromancers seems a very commonplace affair when you notice what the public swallows at the journalist's bidding. That poor, dear public! It has not the least desire—so "The Looker-on" assures us—for the columns and columns which are served up to it every day. "I don't want this stuff," cries the hapless reader, as he takes up his daily or weekly print; "but I suppose somebody else does, so here goes!" and he bolts it whole. The citizen who honours me by glancing over this page does this not of his own volition, but because I, by the exercise of some black art, compel the poor fellow to make the meal against his will. We have so confused his head, we journalists, that, without believing in the existence of the New Woman, he reads everything we write about her; and, with a profound distaste for Ibsen, he helps us to carry on the "craze." Journalism in itself is a branch of demonology. You remember that in Ingoldsby there is a wretched wight who learns the incantation which summons the demon to bring beer, but omits to learn the little formula for ordering him to leave off. The consequence is that the black gentleman goes on bringing beer till the amateur dabbler in illicit magic is drowned. Well, that seems to be the hard case of the poor, dear public. When the journalist was bidden to fetch a reasonable amount of information, all was well; but now he floods the unhappy, spluttering public with "copy," and nobody knows how to stop him.

"By copy alone we live or die," says "The Looker-on," in his consummate scorn of newspapers. Why, we are actually in a hurry to see a new play, and criticise it, and fill the world with its merits or demerits, while "The Looker-on" is considering that, should he condescend to mention it, this cannot be, perhaps, till the month after next! He does not live by "copy," this intermittent oracle; he writes his seven-and-twenty pages for the pure love of the thing which is out of date, or for the simple joy of holding up to odium the journalist who fabricates the motion of the universe, and takes money for that nefarious employment. When the editor of *Blackwood* sends a cheque to "The Looker-on," I presume it is promptly returned, or remitted to the treasurer of the nearest asylum for idiots. No high-minded person can consent to look on in a magazine for the customary rate per page; and though I have known magazine-writers who expected to be paid, I am ready to admit that they are the most degraded of their species. I recall with loathing the cheques I have received in this way; but I feel the pure spiritual pleasure of the penitent in contemplating "The Looker-on," who sets a noble example by writing for moral glory, not dross, and who is quite above the temptation to select the kind of "copy" that might save twenty-seven pages from sheer tedium.

Another moralist who presses heavily on us this month is Mr. Harry Quilter. He has four articles in the reviews—Mr. Quilter on morals, Mr. Quilter on art, Mr. Quilter on literature, Mr. Quilter on everything—a regular helter-skelter-welter of Quilter. The world is out of joint, and Mr. Quilter proposes to set it right by repeating himself *ad nauseam*

in every review. I should like to know whether the editors of the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and the *National Review* knew that they were about to publish this mass of Quilter simultaneously. It may be that they held a meeting and said, "If England is to be saved, Quilter is the only man for the job; therefore, we must help him all at once to stem the tide of depravity in art and letters." But, as Quilter in the *Contemporary* bears a striking resemblance to Quilter elsewhere—as the worthy gentleman, in short, dresses up prejudices, which are not new, in verbiage which is equally ancient, I am afraid that one reading of his message will be sufficient to discourage interest in the remaining doses. To the *Contemporary* article there is a preamble in italics, in which Mr. Quilter announces his great mission of regeneration, as if nobody had ever dreamed before of telling us that "sex-mania" in fiction is pestilential, and that certain illustrated papers are the enemies of our hearths and homes. Mr. Quilter's most elaborate attack is made, not on the neurotic school of fiction, but on Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," which, as it happens, all the critics who agree with Mr. Quilter about "Discords" have agreed to praise! The *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Spectator* are not, I believe, infected with the spirit of the *Yellow Book*; yet, to Mr. Quilter's sorrow and amaze, they have held up Mr. Morrison's work as an example of admirable observation and sound art.

This is shocking to the quadruple Quilter, who thinks that every novelist ought to see just as much of life as Anthony Trollope saw, and who denounces Mr. Morrison as no artist because the characters in "Lizerunt" talk the "lowest slang of the streets." "Is this the language of literature?" demands our homiletic hydra, as if it were the duty of the novelist to make his Billies and Lizers at the East-End talk some sublimated jargon compounded of Mr. Quilter's articles and Exeter Hall. Dickens thought fit to put into the mouth of Nancy in "Oliver Twist" the sentiments and diction of the betrayed maiden of the old melodrama; and perhaps Mr. Quilter thinks that is literature. He is like a writer who was said by the author of "Enigmas of Life" to look at facts "through the misty medium of morals." Mr. Quilter is offended by the facts of the East-End, so he wraps himself in a mist of verbosity. "For no scene can be true imaginatively, in which we lack the elements of belief, and belief in conduct is, in fiction as in drama, an outgrowth from knowledge and personality." If this means anything, it means that Mr. Quilter, who knows nothing about the East-End, cannot bring himself to accept the veracity of Mr. Morrison, who knows a great deal.

In pictorial art, too, Mr. Quilter's "misty medium" plays him false. He is horribly upset because Mr. Phil May draws costermongers and drunkards and 'Arriet. You might imagine that the humours of the street were unknown to black-and-white draughtsmen till *The Sketch*, which Mr. Quilter holds in pious horror, came to shock his "belief in conduct." "Just think, in this connection, of the history of *Punch* for the last fifty years!" exclaims our misty moralist. Yes, and just think of the drunkards Charles Keene drew by the score, and of the chimney-sweeps and coal-heavers of Leech, and then say what is to be done with a critic who tells us that Phil May has degraded these noble traditions! Why, everybody except Mr. Quilter knows that Phil May has restored to *Punch* just the observation of life and character in the street which has been lacking to that admirable journal since Charles Keene's death. If Mr. Quilter were endowed with a little humour, instead of this capacity for multiplying himself in the reviews till the very sun is darkened by his opaque omnipresence, he would be more rational and less prophetic. He would not ask this absurd question, "Why should we tolerate in our fiction that which we could not tolerate in our conversation or our life?" Such a rule would make it a crime to read "Measure for Measure," or the adventures of Molly Seagrim. Mr. Quilter would lay a ban not only on Phil May's costermongers, but also on Falstaff's table-talk at the Boar's Head. If the four editors who conscientiously publish Mr. Quilter imagine that this is the sort of thing which is going to reform our manners, they have a singular appreciation of English good sense.

In justice to Mr. Quilter, I must admit that he is not quite so egregious as an essayist in *Blackwood*—not "The Looker-on," but another—who declares that the New Woman and Ibsen, and everybody who does not preach the views which he supposes to be essential to sound morals, will have to be put down by the policeman. Why not the pantomime clown with the red-hot poker? That functionary is just as likely to interfere as the emissary of the law. Really, I think the editors will have to hold another meeting, and consider whether it is worth their while to give so much space to these maunderings of Philistia, which are mere paraphrases of Max Nordau, without his cleverness,





MISS MAUD MAUDE IN "BARON GOLOSH," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## A MONKEY OF DISTINCTION.

All who have read that absorbing account of daring adventures among cannibals and gorillas—not to mention the desperate affrays with the white sharks of civilisation—which Mr. Van Hare wrote, entitled “Fifty Years of a Showman’s Life,” will remember that wonderfully cute performing monkey who, when off duty, was everlastingly, and with much success, striving to imitate the actions and customs of humanity, and generally to pass himself off as a shaggy gentleman of colour and intellect. Mr. John Webb, of Manchester, whose photograph of a monkey, similarly accomplished to the one above alluded to, created so much interest at the recent Camera Club Exhibition, and which is here reproduced, forwards some interesting particulars respecting this latest of quadrumanous prodigies, named Consul, a condensation of which is appended.

If any being could lay claim to the title of “The Missing Link,” that being, animal, man-brute, call him what you will, was indubitably Consul, for certainly he was the most extraordinary specimen ever brought within the ken of civilisation. Of the chimpanzee species, he varied so much



“CONSUL.”

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from the ordinary *anthropopithecus troglodytes* that his exact scientific nomenclature is a matter of doubt. Certainly he displayed an amount of intelligence, a development of brain-power, far in excess of that possessed by any mere animal, and, as far as one is able to judge, approximating to the mental calibre of primitive man—man before he had the power of articulate speech, and when the art of tool-making was as yet unknown. Not that Consul was unacquainted with tools; he could not only use them, but make them, and of his own initiative: his observation, adaptability, and reasoning powers being such that, when he keenly felt the want of an implement for a specific purpose, he set to work to construct one, his principal efforts in this direction being devoted to the fabrication of keys, in order to get out of his cage. These he fashioned out of teaspoons, splinters of wood, or any odd trifles.

Consul had received a certain amount of “elementary education” in his native home, Central Africa, where he lived some time at a trading-station, being named after the British Consul. He was eventually shipped to this country, and placed in the Zoological Gardens, Manchester, in June, 1893. Here he could be seen on any fine day, promenading the gardens in becoming costume, and taking the liveliest interest in his surroundings. He quickly became thoroughly at home; his remarkable amiability, fondness for fun, his love of children, and his attachment to human beings generally, making him a conspicuous favourite. He soon learnt to take his meals with propriety, use his serviette, pass his plate for more food, pour out his own tea, or uncork his bottle of lemonade, fill his glass, and drink with decorum, and otherwise qualify himself for what he dearly loved, *invitations to dine out!*

Like other gifted persons among his bimanous brethren, Consul’s constitution was somewhat frail, and thus it happened that in October, 1894, he succumbed to dysentery.

H. M.

## HORS D’ŒUVRES.

Profiting by certain recent unpleasant events, some of those moralists dear to the British matron have seized the opportunity of being “strong upon the stronger side,” and of denouncing the Decadent and all his works with as much vigour as the excessive Nordau, whose book has recently been translated, and is therefore new to them that know not German. Virtue arises in quarters where one would hardly have looked for it; and Yellow Asters and Green Carnations, New Women, Women Who Did, and Heavenly Twins are whelmed in one common condemnation with “Ibsenism,” whatever that may be, and all those evil books of France whereof our critics know just so much as Nordau has seen fit to translate, and no more.

So the Philistine again lifts up his heel against the doctrine of “Art for art’s sake,” which he assumes to be the same as “Art for immorality’s sake.” He protests against the “divorce of art from morality,” and brawls about this divorce like another “Father” Black. Would it not be as well for him to inquire whether the parties were ever legally married? Few persons—not even Ruskin, save occasionally—would maintain that the mission of art was to serve morality, and make picture, poem, statue, drama, so many tracts. It is right that art should *implicitly* teach, and generally follow the fundamental doctrines of morality; but this is because to do otherwise makes a morbid and therefore a defective art.

Art is concerned with the production of pleasure by technical methods, used to treat and present certain subjects chosen by the artists. The pleasure is caused partly by the subject chosen, but more largely by the excellence and attractiveness of the treatment. If the pleasure created in a healthy and intelligent observer is of a low and debased character, the choice of subject or the method of execution is at fault. Most generally it is the latter, and nothing is more demoralising than a noble subject ignobly treated. A Virgin by one painter may be more corrupting than a Venus by another.

“Art for art’s sake,” rightly understood, is the only formula or doctrine for artists. In other words, we are to produce beautiful or attractive or striking objects because we want to get beauty or attraction or interest, not because we want to moralise or demoralise. If our art is sound, then sound minds will take good from it; if unsound, it will be defective art. Art is no more morality than it is the multiplication table; it is no more hostile to morality than to mathematics. Of course, the two play into each other, but to say that is merely saying that human nature is continuous, and a stimulus to one part of it is felt throughout.

Therefore, it seems unnecessary, to say the least, for Mr. Harry Quilter to slay the slain, and remind us that for sixteen years he has been fighting against the demoralisation of art, lately manifested in unpleasant shape, but brought about by *The Sketch* and Mr. Phil May, and Mr. Grant Allen and the New Critics, and Ibsen and the *Yellow Book*, and the elderly Harry alone knows what else. It was unnecessary, because there is no doubt that the Decadent element is down now, and need not be kicked; unnecessary, also, because Mr. Harry Quilter has three other articles in three other June reviews.

*Nineteenth Century, Fortnightly, National, Contemporary*  
‘Arry calls to arid ‘Arry, and the echo answers “‘Arry!”

There was a time—when this man of many monthlies was the art-critic of one weekly—when it might have been dangerous for Mr. Harry Quilter to call attention so extensively to the fact of his existence. Those times are over; it is hardly likely that his dicta will recall the warlike “Jimmy” from battling with baronets across the seas. No more is the song, “Whistler, and I’ll go for you, my lad.” But, having regard to the results of the Quilterian crusade against “Art for art,” we might caution the crusader against continuing his fight. For sixteen years he has been prodding at the Decadent Dragon, and now the evil thing is moribund—from natural causes. Let us entreat him to cease his efforts, lest the monster should revive again.

There is one singular gap in Mr. Quilter’s enumeration of the stages of vulgarity in art. The cult of sensation did not begin, as he hints, with *Pick-Me-Up* or *The Sketch*. There was once, years ago, a Red Book—not Yellow—known as the *Universal Review*. Therein were fairly “steep” novels, strange poems, weird drawings, not unsuggestive, and daring theories of Mr. Grant Allen. And the editor of that periodical was—who was he, Mr. Harry Quilter?

MARITON.



## AN EXPERIMENT IN AUSTRALIAN HORSE EXPORTATION.

The "Waler"—that is, the Australian-bred horse—has been for many years familiar to and a favourite with the Englishman in India, whether as hack, racer, or cavalry remount. Within the last few weeks the Australians, thronged with their excess of live stock, and encouraged by the growing facilities for exporting it, for the first time sent a sample of their horse-flesh on the longer sea-trip, and landed it in the London docks. A dozen horses left Sydney in the Celtic King. Of these, one, a heavy draught, died in rounding the inclement Horn; the rest all landed in good health. They represent all the ordinary classes of useful horse, from the heavy-limbed draught to the fashionable hack. Up to date, the colts have thriven in their new quarters. Mr. Villar, of Harrow, in whose charge they are, is loud in his praises of their absolute soundness of body and limb. That is as it should be. The "Waler" is born in the open; "finds" himself in natural pasture. As often as not, his play-room is bounded by the horizon only; consequently, he grows up a stranger to all the ills that are the heritage of the stable-bred animal. As to the temper of these visitors, their guardian is equally enthusiastic. The colts were shipped and landed untamed, and at first they showed glimpses of bush manners; but a week's steady handling rendered them, as the accompanying picture shows, absolutely indistinguishable from so many home-bred youngsters, and their education is now proceeding on ordinary English lines, entirely unmarked by any extra precaution.

This trial shipment opens up possibilities of great scope, and is creating the liveliest interest among horsey men of all ranks in this country who want a cheap article in their line, as well as among the Antipodeans, who, given a market, can turn out good horses in amazing

quantity. The home-keeping Briton's notions of imported horse-flesh are apt to be tinged with recollections of professional buck-jumpers of the Buffalo Bill type, or of the treacherous and untamable mustang of the Western prairie lands, as delineated by Remington, or outlaws from the River Plate, such as only the barbarous half-breed can hold on to. But, in fairness to the untried Australian horse, it should be remembered that in all his veins there is not one drop of blood that is not purest English; or, if here and there another strain, such as the Arab, has been admitted, it is as clean. Australia, in sending us horses, is sending us back our own, with just a flavour of the gum and wattle-blossom mixed with that of the ancestral May. In them there is no taint of the raw, ferocious mustang. Shortly, the opinion of the open market will be taken as to whether the pioneers in this new line of Anglo-Colonial industry are to reap the reward of enterprise in remunerative prices. If they do, there are plenty more horses like these over there, ready and to come; at present, indications all tend to show that a promising and interesting trade has been begun.

Of a different type is the brown pony Geraldine, which won the half-mile race at the British Club Pony Races at Bakersfield, California, on April 15. The race was a half-mile "dash" for club members, with ponies under 14½ hands, at catch-weights over 150 pounds. In this were entered

Fenella, Geraldine, Vic, and Bantam, drawn for place in the order named. They broke away on the first attempt, Vic taking the lead, closely followed by Geraldine. They raced in this way to the five-eighths pole, where they bunched, and the positions were unchanged at the three-quarters. After passing there, Geraldine drew up and won in a whipping finish from Vic by a neck, with the others close in. Time 55 2-5 sec. In the quarter-mile "dash" poor Geraldine hadn't a place. The winner finished in 25½ sec. The mile "dash" was done in 2 min. 1-5 sec., and the mile trotting "dash" in 2 min. 37 sec.



GERALDINE, AMERICAN RACING PONY.

Photo by J. S. Ickis, Bakersfield, California.



AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

## THE FIRST NIGGER MELODIST.

Almost sixty years ago, long before "The Christy Minstrels," afterwards known as "The Moore and Burgess Minstrels," had established themselves in London, there came from America a comic negro vocalist, who took the town by storm. This was T. D. Rice, who in 1836 made his first appearance at the Surrey Theatre in a little sketch entitled "Bone Squash Diablo," in which, as Jim Crow, he sang that celebrated ditty, "Jump, Jim Crow." It had a catchy air, and the refrain was soon on everyone's lips. In spite of "the plentiful lack of wit" displayed in the song, day and night, from street and square, from alley and courtyard, the strain arose—

Turn about and wheel about,  
And do just so;  
Everytime you turn about,  
You jump, Jim Crow.

For a season London would have nothing but "Jim Crow." Men went about in "Jim Crow" hats, smoking "Jim Crow" pipes. A leading statesman, who had shown a change of front on some important question of the day, was caricatured in *Punch* as the political "Jim Crow," and Rice in his grotesque attire, blackened face, and battered white hat, drew as large audiences to the doors of the Surrey, the Adelphi, and the Haymarket as ever flocked to hear Macready and the Keans. To have "Jim Crow" Rice in the bill trebled the amount taken at the doors. He was, therefore, much in request on benefit nights. At a performance given at the Adelphi on the retirement of Mrs. Yates from the stage, he appeared "by kind permission of the management of the Haymarket Theatre." Again and again the delighted audience encored the familiar song,



T. D. RICE SINGING "YANKEE CALCULATION."

which Rice had to sing many times over, till at last, the audience still asking for more, he sang the following impromptu verse—

Now, ladies and gemblemen,  
I hope you'll let me go,  
'Case I've to be at the Haymarket  
To jump Jim Crow.  
Wheel about and turn about  
And do just so!  
Mrs. Yates she thanks you one and all,  
Likewise Jim Crow.

In other comic songs, such as "Sieh a Gettin' Upstairs," "Do I do—I don't do Nothing," and "Yankee Calculation," Rice made a very palpable hit, but none of them attained to anything like the phenomenal success of "Jim Crow," a song whose memory still lingers among us, though it was first heard when William IV. was King. W. G. S.

## A CHAT WITH "THE WHISTLING COON."

"Yes, I've blacked up pretty often, but never as Man Friday, or even as Othello, though I have been before the public since I was ten," laughingly remarked Mr. Eugene Stratton, as we settled down (writes a *Sketch* representative), cigar in hand, for a "palaver" in the American Bar of a restaurant not a hundred miles from Piccadilly Circus.

"You must have seen a lot of nigger life, judging from your marvellous take-offs."

"Yes, we have a large negro population in Buffalo City, and a wonderful singing and dancing people they are. Buffalo holds a high place in the dancing world, and has for years held the championship for lady and gentlemen jig-dancers, or sand-dancers, as we call them. No one could better Mr. Barney and Kitty O'Neal. It was among these people that I picked up the swing of the arms and other peculiarities, the secret of my success, which some kind friends assure me they are promoting by imitating me, and so advertising me. But listen to this cut from an American paper in reference to one such would-be mimic: 'If the imitation was correct, Mr. Stratton has evidently forgotten what an American coloured man is like.' Now, that's just nice, isn't it?" he asked, pulling at his cigar very vigorously.

"Tell me some incidents of your life without going over old ground in print, if possible, Mr. Stratton."

"As a schoolboy I was fortunate. I was educated by the Christian Brothers. My special master was one in a thousand. He always encouraged originality and common-sense reasoning, and hated parrot-like knowledge, and I owe him much for his elocutionary instruction. I was always a young devil for dancing. Any bit of flat pavement set me shuffling, and my feet were continually on the move as I sat at my lessons. A tan-yard, where, bare-footed, I practised somersaults and flip-flaps, made me a truant many a time; and the red stain on the sheets of my bed too often convicted me. 'Can you dance, 'Gene?' one day said the Brother. 'No,' I replied, suspecting a trap. 'Well, if you could, I would give the whole class a half-holiday.' You can imagine the rest. The fact was, my tutor wanted me to appear at a 'fancy fair,' where I presently sang an Irish song and did an Irish jig, gave a German ballad and a 'patter-talk' in German-Irish lingo. This



AS THE FOREIGN PRINCE—"SIEH A GETTIN' U1STAIRS."



"DO I DO—I DON'T DO NOTHING."



performance was my ruin—as my parents thought, who had visions of my entering the Navy and becoming an Admiral of the Fleet.”

“And then, Mr. Stratton?”

“I answered an advertisement in the papers, and became, at the age of ten, one of the ‘Two Westleys,’ touring the States in a comedy-show entitled ‘The Big and Little of it.’ I did that for seven months, and then took an engagement in Wood’s Museum, in Chicago, working by myself, singing all sorts of songs; for in America, you know, we have no reserve-rights as regards the singing of songs. My next move was to a Japanese show in New York, but its ill-success necessitated some of us journeying to Rochester ‘on our trunks’—that is, pledging our baggage for our fares. Well, so life went on, with its ups and downs, with which I will not weary you.”

“Would that our space were more extensive, for you interest me so much! Tell me, however, of your coming to England.”

“Oh, that was with the Haverley Mastodon Minstrels, just fifteen years ago, when we appeared at Her Majesty’s Theatre. It was a good school to study in if you wished to push to the front, and that engagement led to my joining the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, where, during eleven years and a half, I gradually worked myself forward to the place of one of the ‘corner-men,’ and accidentally made the hit to which I am indebted, I think, for my present successful position in the music-hall world.”

“Is that so? Do tell me about it?”

“It was on the occasion of one of Mr. Moore’s benefits. The amateur ‘Nubians,’ among others, had given their services, and one of the best of them, Sam Reyburn, sang a song of which the melody was his own. It had a whistling chorus, and we all joined in. But, in the second verse, I interpolated the whistle between the teeth, which I had picked up from the porters who carry greenstuff in baskets on their heads in Chicago. It made the audience sit up; so in the third verse I gave the whistle with all my little best, and the house was simply electrified. I said to my elbow-man, Summers, ‘I must buy that song.’ Well, to cut a long story short, I did so. Of course, I had sung many a song of far greater merit previously, but none that had fetched the popular taste better than this.”

“Well, your whistle is the shrillest I have ever heard.”

“So they say, and it is not easy. Just feel this muscle below my ear. It has developed, during the last six years, to that size simply through the protrusion of the lower jaw as I whistle.”

“And with that song you took the halls by storm?”

“Well, with it I commenced to work independently, and I have no cause to regret that I did so,” Mr. Stratton quickly replied. “My continued success I ascribe very greatly to Mr. Richard Morton, who has been my writer-in-chief ever, since my first great hit in England. He has adapted so many of my ideas, and has thoroughly incorporated in his lines my conception of the character-life which I have desired to portray, as, for instance, in his first song, ‘Susie Tusie,’ and afterwards with ‘The Dandy Coloured Coon.’ I picked up the notion of that character as Cushman and I were sitting in the balcony of an hotel in Indianapolis, and there passed by on the street a regular ‘hot coon,’ dressed up to the nines, and pacing along with mincing gait. Well, we had a game with that nigger too long to tell you, and he served as the subject of the song.”

“Now do tell me how the songs get written?”

“Well, as I have told you, I generally give the idea, and Morton puts it into words; then I read the lines as I feel they should be read, and the inflection I impart to them serves to give the rhythm of the melody desired. That’s how ‘The Dandy Coloured Coon’ was written—Morton in one room, Joe Le Brun in another, and I marching backwards and forwards between the two. The event of the Duke of York’s wedding was used to give the local colour.”

“How very interesting! Pray go on.”

“Another of Morton’s was ‘She’s mine, I am hers.’ The music is by Ivan Caryll. No, Mr. Morton did not write ‘The Lubby Girl,’ which I sang for years with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. The words and music of that were written by Brandon Thomas; but Morton wrote ‘The Hot-footed Bee’—however, the music used to tear my throat too much—and also ‘Come and kiss your Honey on the Lip,’ as well as ‘A’nt Mandy,’ giving the sad experiences of a nigger wench who had been jilted. One of the most gratifying remarks which my friends are good enough to make



MR. EUGENE STRATTON.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street.



“I lubs my Susie Tusie,  
I lub her bad, I do.”



“I lub a lubby gal, I do,  
And I hef lubbed a gal or two.”



“Don’t you know me?—Go on!—you will very soon;  
For I’m John James Brown, the Dandy Coloured Coon.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARENCE HAILEY, ST. JOHN’S WOOD, N.W.

is that my last song is 'quite the best thing you have ever done.' Harking-back reminiscences are always so depressing!"

"Now, Mr. Stratton, I've carefully prepared a question for you, and it is this, 'What is the mainspring of your universal success?'"

"Probably that I endeavour to portray the real nigger character and the manner of his actual life. I must live with my subject as I portray it, or I could not do it. I must have method in all I do; if I don't feel myself the flesh and blood of my part, I'm nothing. And I think, without boasting, I may add that I never offend against good taste, and I don't think I'm less appreciated on that account even by one of my best friends—the gallery boys."

"And when are you going to do a little 'on your own'?"

"Probably in the autumn, so many of my friends urging me to take that course."

Reference to his special "pals" led Mr. Stratton to relate to me the most amusing anecdotes of the feigned rows that he and Dan Leno get up in their dressing-rooms. These are quite too funny for words; besides, they require, to do them justice, the graphic talent of genial 'Gene himself.



"Aunt Mandy has been jilled,  
Aunt Mandy, that am me!"

Photo by Clarence Hailey, St. John's Wood, N.W.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

We hear a great deal about "the revival of Galt," and see some signs of its possible reality—Canon Ainger's edition of the "Annals" in Messrs. Macmillan's new Standard Novel Series, for instance, and the edition of the best from among Galt's voluminous writings which is being issued by the house of Blackwood, under the editorship of Mr. D. S. Meldrum, with introductions by Mr. Crockett. Present-day Scottish writers reap their harvest in England. Will Galt's revival be appreciably felt on this side of the Border? I doubt it, in spite of his distinct superiority to all save the best of the Scottish fiction of to-day. Whatever qualities he has or has not, there is lacking in him that direct appeal to the homely affections and to the sense of the pathetic that has made English readers willing to plough through story-fields of dialect for its sake. Galt's Scotland was less fervent, less sentimental, than the Scotland of to-day, and though his ambitions often ran after romantic literature, his native talents were always best, and only fittingly employed in describing the shrewder, the more worldly side of Scottish life.

With one criticism in Mr. Crockett's delightful introduction to the "Annals of the Parish" (Blackwood) I disagree. "Galt," he says, "spares no pains to introduce every old and recondite Scots word he knows. He has no mercy on the ignorant Southron. . . His every page is a delight to the initiate; but I cannot deny that these very pages which delight so many of us may prove somewhat more than trying to the profane." Galt, it is true, is a great storehouse of old Scots, but, so far as his language is concerned, his pages are plain sailing compared with almost any of the later Scottish story-writers save Stevenson.

All his effects are quiet. He never exaggerates—I speak of only his half-dozen good books: he published sixty—never makes great demands on imagination or spirituality. But he knows average human nature as do the elect among parish priests and country doctors. Mr. Crockett calls him "a tired man's author," and recommends his being taken up when "Shakspeare is too high for us, even Scott too mighty and many-sided." He has described Galt's hour exactly; and if, on this side of the Tweed, such hours are mostly filled by Miss Austen, Galt may fill up a vacant one here and there, and still earn fame and gratitude.

While speaking of Scotland, the new *Evergreen* comes into one's mind. It has been, with slanderous inaccuracy, called the Scottish *Yellow Book*. The editors of both would, I feel sure, indignantly repudiate the thought of any likeness. To be strictly exact in differentiating them, the *Evergreen* is not a quarterly: we shall only see two numbers this year, and two in '96. Then, I gather, it will have fulfilled its functions, and will decently die. That is a heroic resolve which other periodicals would do wisely to copy. Then the *Evergreen* is very serious: it is concerned with the moral, artistic, literary, and social aspirations of the twentieth century, which century, one hears on all sides, is to begin life with the fresh healthfulness of a little child. The new periodical has stories and poetry and essays, all very elevated in tone, but appealing to the morally

aspiring rather than to those who demand liveliness in their literature, or to those who are sticklers for good form. The pictures have one unhappy similarity to much decadent art—they are ugly. Are they better or worse for being also unskilful? As the *Evergreen* never meant to make a popular appeal, there is no unkindness in speaking candidly of it. It has its good points, and possesses that vague attraction which belongs to the sayings or other productions of imaginative children of somewhat backward development.

The author of "The New Moon," who is also the author of "George Mandeville's Husband," has done a rather original thing in her new book, which, I feel sure, will have a good many imitators. Those who read "The New Moon" will remember that the story was told by the husband of a weak-minded, superstitious, invalid woman, in whom he had lost interest, and who inspired him no longer with affection; he had made the acquaintance of a clever, intellectual girl, who shared his interests and sympathised with his nature, ambitions, and points of view, and he fell in love with her. To hide this state of things from his weak wife, to whom his outward devotion never ceased, was an anxious care; and he believed that he succeeded. The story ended with the tragic death of the lady of his real affections, which saved him from any desperate deed, and his wife from a knowledge of his disloyalty, but left himself physically and in every other way incapacitated for active life.

Now the weak wife tells her version in "Milly's Story" (Heinemann). It is the better book of the two; not only the more pathetic, but the more subtle, psychologically. Weak she is in what we call brain, and weak, perhaps, in will. She has never in her life been able to learn anything, save by efforts so exhausting as to be of necessity infrequent. But she has instinctive knowledge of many things: she is a "sensitive," and her understanding of her environment is far finer than that of her clever, scientific husband. She knows all he is hiding, and makes desperate efforts to win him back, which are never dictated by vulgar jealousy. She knows, too, his limitations, though she cannot explain to him that his horror of occult research, in the atmosphere of which she mentally lives, rises from his want of subtle understanding. The point of view of the dabbler in occultism, who is neither a charlatan nor a frivolous pryer into secrets, has never been better put. Between the two books "C. E. Raimond" has managed to make plain a good deal of puzzling human nature.

"Keynotes" books are pouring out with profusion. The two most generally interesting among the recent volumes in the series are Mr. Harland's "Grey Roses," and Mr. Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age." Mr. Harland does his some injustice by its name, which suggests a kind of sadness it does not contain. His stories are pathetic, many a time, but are lit up just as often by high spirits and laughter. He is certainly the completest and truthfulest English interpreter of the Latin Quarter. Stevenson's glimpses are excellent, but they are not glimpses. Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Keary have both given lifelike descriptions of the life of youth in the fascinating *quartier*; but Mr. Harland knows it in a more varied way, and he works his knowledge into very charming stories, told with grace, and—if one excludes the doubtfully legitimate fun of "A Reincarnation"—with great good-humour. Mr. Graham's pictures of child-life deserve to be well known. Of one childish point of view they are masterly interpretations. It is, more or less, that of Stevenson: only Mr. Graham's children are rather more fiercely denunciatory of the stupidity of the grown-up world. Is this general? The separation of the two worlds is almost invariably complete, unless when grown-up people are poets, or children monsters of precocity. But I doubt if this aggressive criticism of their elders' world is very common. Uncritical indifference is a more general childish attitude.

Those who can bear to hear Puritanism scornfully spoken of, and, indeed, all those who are interested, sympathetically or antipathetically, in the new Catholic movement, will find something to think about if they open Mr. Coventry Patmore's new book, "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (Bell). It is a book of maxims, "golden sayings," detached expressions of opinion, dogmatic, pugnacious, of a kind to conquer by their masterfulness, or to raise a very demon of opposition in a reader. They are nearly all of them given in fine literary form, of course, for Mr. Patmore has but a very few rivals as a writer of prose to-day. The little book—a very remarkable one—will be judged beautiful or almost horrible, not according to one's religious beliefs at all, but according to one's emotional temperament. If Mr. Patmore were to translate his point of view into fiction, he would be, I suppose, classed among the dangerous writers, and the verdict would have some right on its side. Using an unpopular medium, he escapes every popular verdict. o. o.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish a volume of sporting reminiscences by Mrs. Alan Gardner, under the title of "Rifle and Spear with the Rajpoots: a Winter's Sport in Northern India." The volume will be lavishly illustrated with reproductions of sketches by Mrs. Gardner, drawings by Mr. F. H. Townsend, and photographs of Indian scenery, native princes, &c. It describes the adventures of Colonel and Mrs. Gardner during a lengthened tour in search of big game in the Himalayas and Rajputana, during the winter of 1892-3.

A charmingly illustrated Guide to their system has been issued by the Midland Railway Company, at the nominal charge of threepence. The Midland covers some very interesting stretches of the country, and the intending tourist could scarcely do better than make himself acquainted with these by means of this instructive Guide.



MISS HATTIE DELARO AND HER ALABAMA PICANINNIES.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES."\*

Those who have come across Mr. H. D. Lowry's striking sketches of Cornish life in the magazines will welcome, with more than usual welcome, a collection of them which makes the new volume of the "Keynotes Series," under the title of "Women's Tragedies." They gain by being printed together. Story by story a world is built up, with people, manners, and fashions, sentiments and ways of thought, with which we soon become familiar; and, though each story, with an exception or two, deals with different *dramatis personæ*, we bring to it the general accumulated effect of atmosphere and conditions to which it, in its turn, contributes.

Mr. Lowry is, no doubt, the latest of Mr. Hardy's several promising disciples. Certainly he is not the least. His materials are much



MR. H. D. LOWRY.

Photo by F. Argall, Truro.

the same as Mr. Hardy's, as is the manner and temper in which he employs them. The lives of simple folk, living in small country towns and villages—"simple," we say glibly, yet illustrating the same tragic truths and eternal meanings of existence as any lives lived on a broader stage—nay, with more dramatic intensity and contrast, from the very smallness of the stage. Indeed, from one point of view, if it is not actually its essence, limitation is one of the essential conditions of tragedy. The tragic temperament is that which concentrates its life on one object and refuses alternatives of happiness. The more interests in a life, the broader the horizons, the less opportunity for tragedy. The wider the area of feeling, the less, probably, the depth. It is the man whom God has doomed to the hallucination that there is only one woman in the world, who runs the risks of tragedy; with the man who, on the contrary, realises that women are legion—the tragedy probably falls to others. It is with these "others" that Mr. Lowry's stories mainly deal. Therefore, he has described them as "Women's Tragedies." In this title, consciously or not, Mr. Lowry makes a pathetic, and probably accurate, generalisation of the drama of so-called "humble" human life. On any plane of society, a woman's opportunities for tragedy are probably greater than a man's. "She was that tragic thing a woman"—we say. "'Tis a poor world for women," says one of Mr. Lowry's country characters. Yet, on the higher planes, jointures and marriage settlements protect woman from the fury of the elements, the Pan-passions of her goat-foot god-man. On the lower planes she is at their mercy—and though, alas! there is no denying an essential element of tragedy in human life, irrespective of superficial conditions, there is no doubt that more money and a greater sense of humour would be competent to deal with the majority of "tragic" crises. Tragedy, as a rule, is little more

than superlative inconvenience. Its chief element on the plane of society which Mr. Lowry describes is—well, drink, though actually that curious passion is but the theme of one, though one of the most powerful, of Mr. Lowry's sketches. Where there is money, there are dipsomaniac institutions. The rich can afford to isolate their lepers, the poor have to live with them. That fact simplifies three-fourths of the "tragedies" of life. The majority of "tragedies" belong to people without bank accounts. Drink, and fancying we care for someone or something more than we really do—such are the causes of most of our tragedies. Selfishness is an inclusive description of them all. The only inevitable, essential tragedy is, of course, death; but beauty and love and jealousy, religion and drink, make even worse havoc of the fair garden of human life. But I'm afraid I grow as sententious as some of Mr. Lowry's country-folk, though I cannot flatter myself that I am half so wise. How wise country-folk seem—in books, at all events! One is tempted to forswear the town, and go and live among them in search of wisdom. There seems no newest philosophy you cannot find in some antique rustic shape. For example, "A woman has failed if she is not beautiful," says one of Mr. Lowry's heroines. The continuation of the speech is worth quoting: "And there have been many who would have done much for me because of the face God gave me. But to him 'tis all the world. He would give his life for it—aye, and his very soul. And I can't but love the man." The sequel of the story is a fine commentary on the callous, dehumanising effect of the mere worship of beauty, how, as Burns says—

... it deadens a' within  
And petrifies the feelin'.

Here is another fine expression of the no less than demoniacal power of beauty upon love. "'Tis a lot," says an old widow to a girl who loves her drunken son, "laid upon every maiden to be like God to some man or other: to know she can take his will an' turn it as she do wish, for good or ill. Sometimes he lies upon the dung-hill an' all the world couldn' raise him. But a word from her'll make a man of him, an', may-be, one of the best; at least, 'tis the one thing that will make him try to rise again." Here are two or three more examples of the wit and wisdom of the country-side: "There edn' man nor woman you can meet that wouldn't be fit to put in a book if all the truth was known of them." "'Tis wonderful, the wisdom of a feelin' heart, and passes understanding." And better still: "I have a pain—of the heart, I think; a pain smaller than the hurt of a cut finger, and yet it takes my life." "A pain smaller than the hurt of a cut finger, and yet it takes my life." Was there ever a finer description of a broken heart? And we meet many with such small, deadly pains in Mr. Lowry's book—women who wither beneath the curse of barrenness, women to whom a man-child brings something far from blessing, women whose tragedy it is to be beautiful, and women whose tragedy it is to be plain. "You can't live to my age," says the supposed narrator of the fine story of "The Sisters," "without coming to believe that there's a Book of Fate, in which our lives are all written out beforehand." And certainly, as one reads such stories as Mr. Lowry's, in which the comparatively small stage and simple nature of the drama allow one to see more clearly the causes and conditions, one is more and more impressed with the terrible inevitability of human actions. Mr. Lowry follows his master in conveying into his stories that sense of overshadowing fate and pursuing doom which hangs like a thunder-cloud over all Mr. Hardy's country-side, though in that surely he has not so much followed the master, Mr. Hardy, as the master, Life. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of country-folk—and all crushed hard-workers everywhere—than their fatalism. And we write about them—Mr. Lowry included—as though, all the time, an inevitable destiny of persuasive instincts and insurpassable conditions were not also shaping our own lives according to its will!

## REGRETS.

I dream about a grassy plot  
High o'er the morning sea:  
Methought the nymphs of that sweet spot  
Would pine this morn for me.

O! curber of the spirit free,  
Duty! with petty pains,  
Sometimes I fear in loving thee  
I learn to love my chains.

Our thoughts like ocean winds are born,  
Like winds they perish on the deep;  
And hopes that waked us with the morn,  
We gladly lose in sleep.

And were this earth so fair to see,  
Its streams and bowery glooms,  
But that each golden morrow we  
Are nearer to our tombs?

JOHN EGLINTON.

\* "Women's Tragedies." By H. D. Lowry. "Keynotes Series." London: Lane.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Guildhall Loan Collection of pictures is certainly an admirable one, for it not only contains a few very great Old Masters—Rembrandt's portrait of his mother, for example, and that amazingly full work, Van Ravestein's "Portrait of a Lady"—but it also re-introduces us to very old friends, in some instances leading us gently by the hand to the days of the early careers of painters who have since grown grey in the service of their art, and are still alive among us and working.

In the first gallery the first picture is Mr. George Clausen's "Ploughing," which was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1889.

modelling, a little more expressive in character; but the landscape is sufficiently brilliant to excuse this fault, which sometimes claims the same excuse in the finest landscapes of Turner. Both Sir Frederic Leighton's "The Garden of the Hesperides" and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Circe" are, perhaps, too recent in all memories to be discussed in any detail.

In the second gallery Mr. Holman Hunt's "The Scapegoat"—that celebrated scapegoat!—first commands the attention. And we find, upon being called again to the inspection of this picture, precisely the same experience as we have ever found. In spite of the endless absurdities



TWO LOVE STORIES.—SAM G. ENDERBY.

It is a charming work, no less in character than in its colour and in its admirable treatment of light. Of a very different character is Mr. Henry Woods' "Preparation for First Communion," which, despite a certain obviousness of sentiment, is extremely pretty. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Forging the Anchor," hanging in the same room, is a far finer example of his strong and masterly art of the same *genre* than that of his now exhibiting at the Royal Academy. It seems truer, less self-conscious, and it certainly has more of the spirit of youth in it. The light is admirably treated; and, indeed, its sole defect is that perhaps, in passages, the brush-work is rather thin. Sir John Millais' "Jephthah" and "Rosalind and Celia,"—exhibited some twenty-eight years ago at the Royal Academy, are always attractive, by reason of the beauty of their composition and the conscientiousness of their achievement. It is true that the figures in the "Rosalind" might be a little stronger in the

which fill the canvas, the lack of atmosphere, the painful colour, there is a curious and subtle power in the working-out of the conception which is undeniable. There is even something terrible in the picture, in spite of the ridiculous mistake of the moon's reflection in rippling water showing like a looking-glass reflection—as though any school-boy who had never seen rippling water did not know that such a reflection must always result in a band of light along the water.

We must hasten over the remaining pictures. There are one or two impressive Rossettis; there is an admirable Sir Joshua; we have already mentioned Rembrandt's portrait of his mother; we note also a charming Van Everdingen, "Child Holding an Apple," and other fine examples of the Dutch school. Take it all in all, the exhibition should be visited by all who care anything about the serious things of pictorial art.

The Exhibition of Pictures and Portraits by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, at Messrs. Weedon's Gallery, 25, Old Bond Street, is an example of the work of a painter of talent, if the talent be somewhat unequal in its fulfilment. We like Mr. Thaddeus best in his portraits, such as the "Portrait of the Abbé Liszt" (33), "Portrait of Father Anderledy" (35), and "Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B." (29). In these portraits and

We scarcely care for him so much in his landscape as we have done in his portraiture; he lacks the intensity which should accompany all beautiful landscape, and although he has a sense of broad poetical effects, as in "A Grey Day: Ostend" (11), or "Twilight" (18) and "The Windmill" (12), this is a lack which unfortunately destroys; to an appreciable extent, any extreme admiration. The "Christ before Caiaphas," which has been much admired in various quarters, and which is declared in the programme to mark "the formation of a new epoch in art," has a great deal of obviously dramatic qualities, and we believe that the dresses and accessories are strictly correct, from the historical point of view.

We recently dealt at some length with Mr. Tristram Ellis's exhibition, which has been on view at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street. In connection, however, with the reproduction of certain of Mr. Ellis's pictures in these columns, it may be well to summarise, for convenience, our expressed views. Mr. Ellis has an admirable instinct for the picturesque; and, what is more, he apprehends light in a particularly refined and convincing manner. His "Mentone from the Italian Frontier," for example, reproduced here, combines just these two qualities, a sense of light and a sense of the picturesque. There is a peculiar element of beauty added to these characteristics in his "Misty Morning on the Golden Horn," also reproduced here. But Mr. Ellis is, perhaps, at his best in the drawing, "A Westerly Gale off Alexandria," a charmingly effective work, in which certain little sins of weakness in drawing, visible in some other works, are entirely absent.

Mr. Ellis, we think, may lay claim to a quiet but certain place among the English water-colour artists of to-day. For, whatever be his limitations—and it would be absurd to deny them—he, at all events, has a very satisfactory knowledge of the limitations of the medium which he uses. He neither employs it as if it were oil-colour, nor does he fall into that too easy fault of permitting the vagueness of its effects to do duty for an empty impressionism. Now, we think this is no light praise to give a man in these times, when such empty impressionism is rampant in nearly all the common water-colour painting of the time. If Mr. Ellis is not a great artist, he is, at all events, an artist with a conscience, an artist who knows what he wants to do, and generally—does it.



AN AVENUE IN THE MARSHES.—ADRIAN STOKES.  
Exhibited in the New Gallery.

their like, Mr. Thaddeus shows a sense of modelling and an appreciation of character which are very attractive, and which, if combined with greater delicacy of feeling and refinement of touch, might make his portraiture deserve to be called impressive.



IN THE MEADOWS, RINGWOOD.—ARNOLD HELCKÉ.  
EXHIBITED IN THE NEW GALLERY.



WATER-COLOURS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, BY MR. TRISTRAM ELLIS.

*Exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street.*



MENTONE, FROM THE ITALIAN FRONTIER.



A MISTY MORNING ON THE GOLDEN HORN.



OLD ENTRANCE TO MONACO.



IN THE PIGEON MOSQUE (SULTAN BAYAZID), CONSTANTINOPLE.

"THE PASSPORT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



VIOLET TRACEY (MISS GRACE LANE), AND ALGY GREY (MR. CECIL RAMSEY).

ALGY: "Oh! Miss Tracey—Violet—may I hope?"



GEORGE GREENWOOD (MR. G. GIDDENS), AND MRS. DARCY (MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON).

GREENWOOD: "I—I—"



SCHMIRKOFF (MR. J. L. MACKAY), COLEMAN (MR. A. MALTBY), AND MRS. COLEMAN (MISS FANNY COLEMAN).

SCHMIRKOFF: "Ah! what are you swallowing?"



COLEMAN AND THE GUARDS.

COLEMAN: "I emphatically protest!"



"THE PASSPORT," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



MRS. DARCY, MILDRED, AND SINCLAIR (MR. YORKE STEPHENS).

*"I wonder how much she's heard?"*



ALGY, BOB COLEMAN (MR. R. ATWOOD), AND VIOLET.

ALGY: *"Guv'nor looking for you; something about key of cellar."*



HARRIS (MR. COMPTON COUTTS), ALGY, AND MILDRED.

*"Bon voyage and au revoir; start for Central Africa to-morrow."*



COLEMAN, GREENWOOD, AND MRS. DARCY.

GREENWOOD: *"She'll deny everything."*



MRS. DARCY, COLEMAN, AND GREENWOOD.

*"Ha! ha! you start; we shall see."*



MRS. DARCY, COLEMAN, AND GREENWOOD.

COLEMAN: *"Greenwood, am I to conduct this matter or are you?"*



AN INDIAN BEAUTY: MISS RUTH MUSLEAH.



## A FAMOUS IMPRESSARIO.

## A CHAT WITH MONSIEUR M. L. MAYER.

Those whose business takes them at all into the world of London theatres, either at the front of the house or the stage-door, cannot but have come across M. Mayer, the genial, courteous manager of French Plays, who brought for the first time Madame Sarah Bernhardt to this country—the man to whom English playgoers owe many a pleasant evening, spent in the company of those Continental stars without whom we should have probably been the poorer had it not been for his energy and enterprise.

M. Mayer, up to the present period of his existence, has invariably refused to submit himself to the interviewing ordeal, and I, therefore, felt specially honoured (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) when he kindly signified his willingness to make an exception in my favour.

All the world and his wife are flocking to see "La Divine Sarah" in "Gismonda," and it was in one of the reception-rooms at Daly's that my chat with the famous Anglo-French impressario took place.

"Yes, Madame Bernhardt's season has opened splendidly," he replied in answer to a question; "we have never had more brilliant audiences.

As you probably noticed, the critics have been more kind to the actress than they have to the play, but their verdict has not been borne out by those who have seen 'Gismonda.' I had the honour of receiving the Princess of Wales when she came last night to see Sardou's masterpiece. As she entered the theatre, she told me that she had heard that the play was so interesting that she had made up her mind to come and see it at once; and, after the performance, she expressed her satisfaction, adding in French, 'Je vous prie de le dire à Madame Sarah Bernhardt de ma part.'"

"I believe, Monsieur, that you were the first to introduce leading French actors and actresses to English playgoers?"

"Yes, I think I may claim, in conjunction with Mr. Hollingshead, the credit of having first acclimatised London audiences to Parisian players. And yet," he continued meditatively, "I made my first essay in theatrical management with what might be truly called one of the greatest London successes, 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' with real steam on the stage, and sinking of a ship, which required eighty stage-carpenters. 'A splendid failure' succeeded, namely, the production at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, of a pantomimic spectacular play, entitled 'The White Cat,' of which the scenery, costumes, &c., were entirely adapted and brought over from Paris. It really was a first-rate show," added M. Mayer, waxing enthusiastic; "the *clou* of the performance was a wonderful ballet, representing a cage across which the dancers were perched like real birds, till, at a given moment, the cage opened, and they all flew down on to the stage! Several things conspired on that occasion against my success; it was a bitterly cold winter, and there were four or five feet of snow on the ground outside the theatre. My company acted splendidly, in both senses of the word, and offered to go without salaries till Christmas, but I did not care to take advantage of their generous offer.

"It was soon after this," continued my host, after a short pause, "that I entered into management with Mr. Hollingshead, for the summer seasons at the Gaiety, and, later on, I had, at my own risk, series of French plays at the Royalty. Previously to this, French companies rarely had more than a week or a fortnight's run, and met with but mediocre success; my French theatrical winter seasons not infrequently lasted from six to seven months. After Hollingshead gave up the Gaiety, I did one season there under my sole management, and went, afterwards, to Her Majesty's; I did also several seasons at the Lyceum."

"And with whom did you make your greatest success?"

"I began with Madame Chaumont, who, with 'Madame Attend Monsieur' and 'Toto chez Tata,' soon found her way to the hearts of English audiences; then Mesdames Judic, Granier, Réjane—then a young girl, and for whom I predicted a brilliant future.

"All this time I kept one object in view, and that was to bring over the Comédie Française and show London one of the most unique and admirable of French institutions; but no, in spite of all my offers and promises of warmest support, I could not persuade those governing the destinies of La Maison de Molière to take the great step, and it was not

till the year 1878 that I at last, to my great joy, signed the contract with M. Perrin, the then Director of the Théâtre Français. He had then just received some splendid propositions from London managers; but when it became known that I had the intention to bring them over, he declared that I was the only person with whom he would treat, and he said to me, 'I will treat with you because you feel as I do, that we do not only work for money, but for art. I leave the programme entirely to you, for you know the country and the people.' Of this same programme, drawn up with considerable care, and special consideration to what the English audience would prefer, he only changed one item, and that was," concluded M. Mayer, with a smile, "to alternate Sarah Bernhardt and Croisette. I had placed the then budding *tragédienne* in the bill several consecutive nights, and M. Perrin feared that this might lead to jealousy. In Feuillet's 'Sphinx' and Dumas' 'Étrangère' the two ladies acted together."

"And did you find that the Comédie's classical or modern répertoires were preferred in London?"

"Modern undoubtedly, though 'Tartuffe,' 'Les Fourberies de Scapin,' and 'Phèdre' were much appreciated, every English school-boy and school-girl being familiar with the text of these of Molière's plays. By the way, it was during the now historic visit of the Comédie that Sarah Bernhardt

acted the Queen in 'Ruy Blas' after only having taken part in the play a few times in Paris. The mounting was admirable, and one of her gowns alone cost ten thousand francs, and M. Perrin naturally hesitated a good deal before bringing over the many costly accessories connected with the production of Victor Hugo's play. Apropos of this, Sarah Bernhardt's first appearance in London, a very curious thing happened. One morning she sent to me, down to the theatre (the Gaiety), at twelve o'clock, with the news that she was too ill to appear at the *matinée*. There were hundreds of pounds of advanced booking—in fact, every seat that could be booked—and a considerable number of people had come up from the country to attend the performance. However, nothing could be done, and I caused to be stationed a number of policemen to tell the people that Madame Bernhardt was unable to appear, and that the money would be all refunded. Now, although it seems scarcely credible, the audience refused to be turned away, and insisted on filling the theatre. First M. Got, and then M. Coquelin, came before the curtain, and begged the people to say what play they would like acted; a dead silence greeted the request. After a short consultation, it was announced that a performance of 'Tartuffe' would take place. In a few moments the theatre emptied itself as if by magic. All the money was given back, and, when they were applied for, the fares of those who came from the provinces were refunded."

"What was your next triumph?"

"Well, I had a scheme of producing Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin together in 'Mademoiselle de la Seiglière, and several other plays. The Comédie Française objected to their *sociétaire* (Coquelin) playing by himself in England, and the question was submitted to arbitration; the judges were Gambetta, Antonin Proust, and M. de Normandie. They decided that he had no right to accept my offer, and so I had to return three thousand pounds of advanced booking. Undaunted, I proposed to Madame Bernhardt to play 'Frou-Frou'; till then, you must understand, she had acted mostly in the classical drama. She consented, and the play was put on in an incredibly short time, the final rehearsal going on all night, till eight in the morning, after two performances of 'Adrienne le Cœur'! Her success was immediate, and the three thousand pounds which were lost over Coquelin's defection came back, with more added."

"I believe that you possess all the English rights of Madame Bernhardt's modern répertoire?"

"Yes, and at one time I also had the American rights. I have always had the management of all Sarah Bernhardt's London seasons, with one exception, when she played at the Palace some years ago; I was then producing Coquelin in 'Thermidor.'"

"And, if it is not an impertinent question, what about your business arrangements with these Continental artists?"

"I always pay a sum down—I do not care for the sharing system. I consider that, just now, artists are asking exaggerated prices, but this state of things won't last. I have not confined myself to strictly theatrical work; I produced, for the first time in England, Verdi's



M. MAYER.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.



'Otello,' with Tamagno and Maurel—the great tenor who created the original part in *La Scala* at Milan and the celebrated baritone chosen for Iago. I went all the way to Genoa in order to persuade Verdi to be present and conduct the first performance, but he said, 'You do not want me, as you have Fracío'—that is the famous Italian conductor. I was also the first to produce in England the French version of 'Carmen,' with Madame Galli Marié; and then, of course, I brought over Jane Hading in the first French version of 'The Iron-Master.'"

"And do you, on the whole, consider costume and scenery important?"

"It has been my experience that scenery matters little if a really great actor or actress holds the boards. Costume is of more consequence, and should always be historically accurate and appropriate."

"Do you find that, on the whole, an English audience really follows a French play—do they understand all that is going on?"

"Yes; but I disapprove of the sale, during the performance, of a book of words; it upsets and disturbs the performers. I prefer to circulate a small two-page synopsis, which gives a general idea of what is going on. I have, not infrequently," he said, laughing, "seen members of the audience reading the play most attentively, and not looking at what is going on before them at all."

"What do you think of the modern English drama? Could you tell me of any plays you consider really well constructed, and worthy of comparison with the best French works?"

"Well, I greatly admired Henry Arthur Jones's 'Bauble Shop,' produced by Mr. Wyndham at the Criterion, and also Mr. Pinero's 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray'; but when I hear the kind of things that are said about 'Gismonda,' I cannot help wishing I were rich enough to offer a £4000 prize, in order to tempt English authors to try and produce (say, in six weeks, or even six months) as admirable a play from every point of view as the drama in which Madame Sarah Bernhardt is now appearing."

"I hope, Monsieur, that you bear no ill-will to the journalistic critical confraternity?"

"Indeed, no," he answered heartily. "I myself began life as a member of the Fourth Estate, and early in the 'sixties I edited *L'International*, a French paper published in London. Indeed, I do not mind confiding to you one of the most curious incidents of my long and varied life, which occurred in connection with my journalistic work. During the Third Empire I was over in Paris, and happened to call on Émile de Girardin—which I did almost every morning when in Paris—to whom I occasionally sent paragraphs. 'I wish,' he said, 'we could find out whether the Emperor is gone or is going to Biarritz. Bismarck is there, and it is very important to us to know the truth. Apparently no one can or will tell us.' 'Well,' I answered, 'I will do my best to find out for you.' As I walked out of his house in the Champs Élysées, I met M. Fleury, the French Consul in London, and brother of General Fleury, aide-de-camp of the Emperor, a Franco-Londoner like myself. 'Can you tell me,' I inquired, 'if the Emperor is gone to Biarritz?' 'I don't know,' he answered; 'but you go to the Tuileries and find out.' I took the hint, and posted off to the Tuileries, and had my card handed to the Emperor's private secretary. Scarcely was I seated in M. Pietri's room, when a door opened, and the Emperor silently made his appearance. When he had withdrawn, I turned to the private secretary, and said, 'Then the Emperor has not gone to Biarritz after all?' 'No, but we are on the point of starting,' he answered. I posted back with the news to M. de Girardin, and exclaimed, 'Nous sommes à Paris et ne savons pas ce qui s'y passe, et voici un homme arrivé de Londres hier qui sait tout.' Girardin was sometimes very amusing, in the morning walking about *dans une robe de chambre rouge, il avait l'air d'un cardinal*."

## A NEW OPERATIC CONTRALTO.

Sir Augustus Harris has discovered a new contralto. Reports of her Continental successes reached him the other week in London. Straightway he took train to Paris, and heard the singer. He was delighted. "You must come to Covent Garden," said he. Next day the contract was signed, and the opera season in England was the richer by this stroke of the pen.

Madame Stella Brazzi (writes a *Sketch* representative) had appeared as Siebel, at Covent Garden, but a few hours previous to my call. She has a well-poised head, a pair of large, expressive grey eyes, and what is called a "fine stage presence." I expected to find a tragedy queen, a Siddonesque sort of being; that is what one seems to look for in a "dramatic contralto" who has thrilled audiences with her Delilahs and her Ortruds. Instead of this, there came into the room a bright, animated woman, evidently endowed with a keen sense of humour. She glanced at the glorious May sun which streamed through the windows.

"Where are your fogs?" she asked, smiling, as we greeted one another. "I am longing to see one!"

"Surely you are not Italian," said I, "nor French, although both French and Italian critics call your accent perfect? You speak English as if you were born to it."

"Oh," she said, laughing, "my father was French; my mother Irish, and I was born in America—at Brattleborough, Vermont."

"And what are you, then?"

"Real American, of course, and a true Brattleborian."

"And your original name?"

"Is Brazor; so my *nom de théâtre* is my father's name Italianised."

I rushed at once to the attack. "This is your first appearance in London, I believe; and your operatic experience—?"

"Is very brief; a single season in Nice during the past winter, where I sang three times a week for five months. Would you like to know some of the works we gave? 'Samson et Delila,' 'Herodiade,' 'Eugene Onegin,' 'Le Prophète,' 'Lohengrin,' 'Sigurd,' 'L'Attaque du Moulin,' 'Faust,' 'La Favorita,' 'Il Trovatore,' 'Hamlet'—Madame rattled off the list glibly."

"The French critics wrote most enthusiastically, I remember, about your performances in Saint-Saëns' 'Samson et Delila' and Massenet's 'Herodiade.' Do you appear in these operas at Covent Garden?"

"Oh, dear, no! They deal with Scriptural subjects, and I am told that your British public does not care to have such themes treated on the stage."

"We've never had a chance to decide the matter," said I. "Doubtless we should like them well enough if Mrs. Grundy and the Lord Chamberlain permitted us to see them. In what rôles, then, shall we see and hear you?"

"I am specially engaged for the French répertoire, and, as I suppose you know, my first appearance was as Siebel in 'Faust.'"



STELLA BRAZZI AS SIEBEL.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

My next? Well, I can only say that I have studied about twenty-five rôles, and that I sing them in both French and Italian. I may sing 'Ortrud' in Italian here; indeed, I hope to do so, for Wagner is a weakness of mine."

"Of course, you were an infant prodigy, Madame Brazzi?"

Madame Brazzi smiled. "Nothing so terrible, I hope; but I believe I showed some musical talent when I was six, and I began to study the piano then. Indeed, I had a thorough musical training all round, and I am thankful for this now. It is so useful for a singer to be able to accompany herself really well, and I think I may claim to be a fairly good pianiste. At first, no special attention was paid to my voice."

"And when did you begin to sing?"

"At thirteen I filled the contralto place in the quartette choir at one of the churches in my old home at Brattleborough, and I went on singing in church till I left for Europe with my husband in 1888. For six years I studied singing under Signor Sbriglia and elocution and acting under M. Pluque."

"Where did you make your début? In France, I suppose?"

"Yes, you are right; it was at Bordeaux, in 'La Favorita.' Oh, I love France and Italy. All the same, I shall be glad to sing to English people. I hear you are not capricious?"

"No, we leave that to our climate. But you are wonderfully fortunate, Madame Brazzi. You are crossing the Rubicon at express speed. Few singers reach Covent Garden in their second season. Success should make you so generous that you will even sing if I ask you?"

I glanced at the piano, which stood temptingly open. Madame Brazzi sprang up hastily. A moment more and a rich, vibrant voice filled the room.

"You are well named 'Stella,'" I said, as we shook hands; "it was an omen."



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SEEN IN PARIS.



CHILLY.

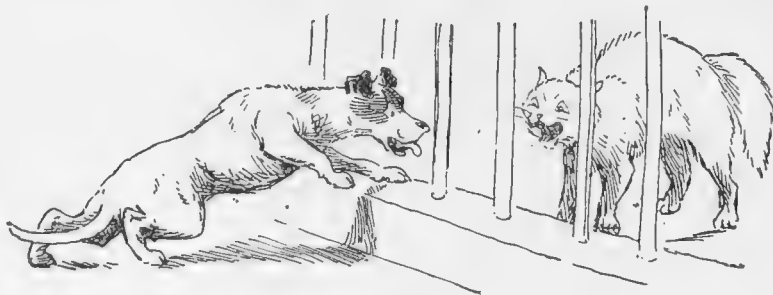
"I suppose you are awfully cool when in action, Major?"  
"Cool, my dear lady—shivering!"



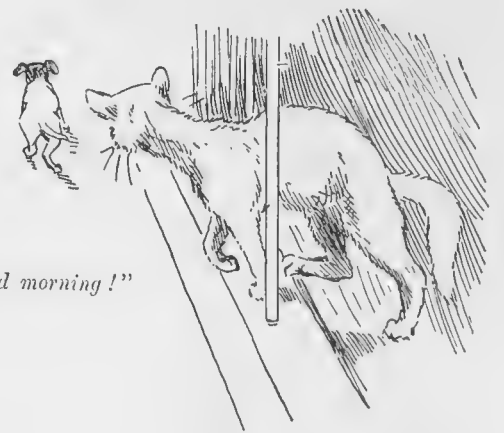


STRANGER (to Caddie): "What do you reckon would be a good score on these links?"

CADDIE: "Well, Sir, most of the gentlemen here tries to do it in as few as they can, but they gen'ly takes a few more."



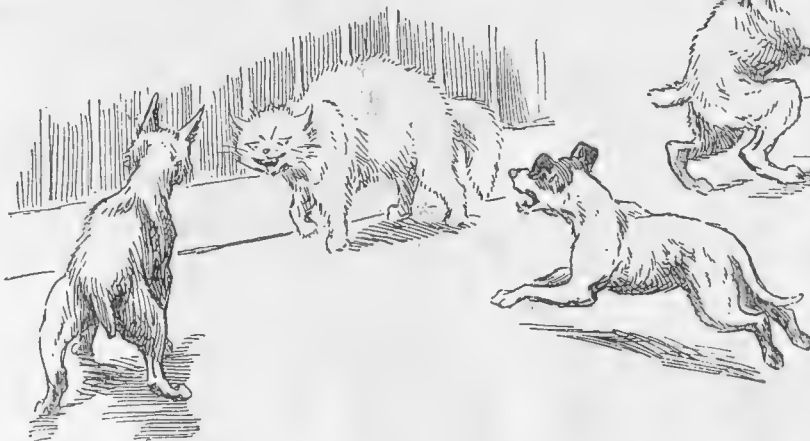
1. A rivalry.



2. "Good morning!"

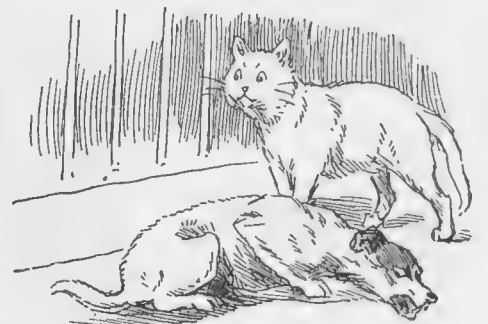


3. Between two fires.



5. An unforeseen contretemps.  
Whose fault?

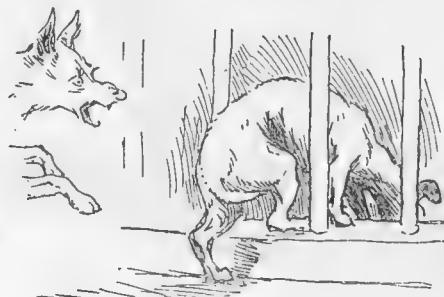
4. At bay.



8. And seeks her aid.



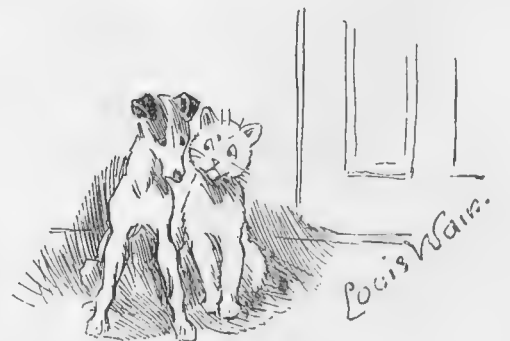
6. The weakest, of course.



7. Who follows Pussy's example.



9. Which is given gratuitously  
and feelingly.



10. And wrongs are forgiven and forgotten  
in a newly found friendship.

Lois V. Gair.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A JUDAS UNAWARES.

BY LINCOLN SPRINGFIELD.

For many weeks since the explosion which he had engineered with such deadly success at the Café Duminy, Emile Geraud had remained in comfortable concealment at the Soho apartments of his brother Anarchist, Louis Ferrier. Geraud's comrade had been proud to give him asylum. The police of two nations had hunted for him until they despised each other for their mutual failure. Even the alert little Madame Ferrier, whose restless black eyes generally penetrated considerably beneath the surface of things, was not, until one memorable morning, acquainted with the identity of her husband's friend. She knew that this puny, insignificant-looking countryman of hers, who at first used to start like a hare whenever a knock came at the door, was an Anarchist hiding from justice. But she had had a long experience of Soho Anarchists, and she never conjectured that his creed had carried this particular specimen of the group to any greater lengths than petty larceny, or, may-be, burglary. She had not even momentarily entertained the idea that this Mr. Johnson, her quiet, inoffensive-looking lodger, was the terrible Geraud, the author of the awful bomb outrage at the Café Duminy, a man destined to take a foremost position among the immortals of crime, until, at last, her husband dropped an unguarded expression, which set her cogitating. She then recalled the circumstance that Johnson had arrived on the evening of the day following the Café Duminy outrage, and a reference to some back numbers of the *Petit Journal* satisfied her that the description there given of the missing Geraud coincided with the appearance of Johnson when he first arrived in Soho, and before he had altered his fashion of shaving. So she concocted a little plan whereby to test her husband about this lodger, and when Ferrier came home from the restaurant, where he waited upon the vile *bourgeoisie*, refusing their patronising tips with a hauteur which surprised them, his wife met him with an assumption of agitation which was completely effective.

"They have been here and taken Emile Geraud," she cried; "Inspector Belton and another officer."

"My God!" exclaimed Ferrier, staggering back as if hit between the eyes.

"Not really," rejoined Madame hastily, for she was scared by her man's white face.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he ejaculated in a tone of infinite relief. Then, sternly: "You must not play tricks like that on me, woman! I had rather lose my hands than see our brave comrade in the clutches of these hateful foreign police."

"Well, you should not keep secrets from me," said Madame, pouting. "But it is really Geraud, then?"

"Hush!—yes. But not a word—not a breath! Forget it. Perhaps my own life as well as his depends upon your discretion. I should be considered an accomplice after the fact, and perish ignominiously. Before I am taken, let me have done something worthy of the cause. Let me inscribe my name, too, upon the roll of Anarchy's heroes."

"Look here, Louis. You either drop those foolish ideas, or Emile Geraud—"

Ferrier winced, glanced furtively over his shoulder, and threw an imploring glance at his contemptuous little wife.

"—or Mr. Johnson, then, does not stop here. He does you no good. You've been ten times more of a simpleton over this Anarchist nonsense since he's been here. It's got to stop!"

Ferrier smiled pityingly. "Ah! my dear, you do not understand."

"Let me tell you what I do understand. You are a waiter at a restaurant, where you serve, with proper humility, I suppose, every foreigner who chooses to fling his orders at you. Would not you respect yourself more if you owned your own restaurant somewhere here in Wardour Street or Greek Street?"

"It goes without saying."

"Well, would not five hundred pounds buy either the establishment of Jules Champs or that of Dubec?"

"I fail to comprehend you, my dear."

"Is there not a five-hundred-pound reward out for Emile Geraud?"

Ferrier took his little wife by the shoulders and shook her till her flying hair-pins beat against the adjacent window like a hailstorm.

"Don't you ever dare mention such a thing again!" he commanded at length, when he had regained his breath. "It is the most mortal insult you can offer me. The cause is my life!"

Relations *chez* Ferrier were strained after this incident. Violently jealous now of her husband's beloved "cause," as well as mistrustful of it, as she had ever been, little Madame Ferrier flooked about the place in a manner which, in the most partisan description, painful as it might be to speak ungallantly of so *piquante* a young woman, could only be designated as sulkily. Ferrier, wounded in his consciousness of loyalty to his comrade, made no effort to effect a reconciliation with his wife. He took an early opportunity, however, of giving a hint to Geraud. Not that he, in the remotest manner, alluded to the domestic scene which had occurred, or to the fact that danger threatened, if indeed such were the case. He merely suggested to Geraud that he had been in England long enough now, and that he might safely push on

to America. Geraud concurred, and arrangements were promptly discussed and settled.

Madame Ferrier's aforesaid penetrating black eyes did not fail to note that the clock had recorded the passage of two hours while her husband had been closeted with Geraud. Her spouse was as wax in her hands whenever she was disposed to soften him by the display of her amiability, and her sullenness now vanished, leaving her face unclouded and sunny. She was particularly patient with her husband during the evening, and, after supper, took the opportunity of telling him convincingly how sorry she was she had offended him with so unworthy a suggestion. Ferrier was more than appeased. He was anxious to prove the return of his confidence in his little wife. She put no obstacles in the way of the satisfaction of this anxiety, and before they retired for the night the woman knew every detail of the arrangements for Geraud's flight.

When Ferrier went off to his restaurant in the morning, Madame imprinted a smiling kiss upon his moustache. Ten minutes afterwards



"It isn't like him now," said Madame Ferrier.

she fastened a gay blue bonnet upon her shapely head and let Mr. Johnson know that she was going out shopping.

Inspector Belton had just got through his correspondence in his office at New Scotland Yard when a constable announced that there was a young woman to see him. She declined to give any name.

Madame Ferrier found herself confronting Inspector Belton a few minutes later. She was a trifle flurried and disconcerted, but the Inspector's cordiality reassured her. Invited to mention her business, she came straight to the point without a moment's hesitation.

"I have come," she said, "to give you important information, providing you respect my wishes as to the manner in which it is used."

The Inspector gave a glib and not too definite assurance.

"I mean this," pursued his visitor; "supposing I were to hand over to justice a notorious criminal, I should get off myself, so long as I was not an actual party to his crime, and only guilty of receiving his confidences after the event?"

"Doubtless, Madame, as a general proposition."

"Perhaps my husband's own life, as well as this criminal's, depends upon my discretion. So my husband said to me. I am now about to exercise that discretion. I am Julie Ferrier. It is my husband who is the friend and confidant of this scoundrel, and I will not let him be longer under the risk of arrest as an accomplice."

"But who is the criminal you allude to?"

"Emile Geraud."

"Emile Geraud the Anarchist?"

"Yes; now, if I tell you where to find him, how will you know him?"

"I should know him anywhere. I have studied his portrait so often that I think the negative is developed on my brain. Here he is."

And the officer triumphantly produced from a bundle a somewhat faded cabinet photograph, obtained from the French police.

"It isn't like him now," said Madame Ferrier. "I shouldn't have recognised this. He wears a beard now, and it has altered his looks wonderfully."

"Well, cannot you be on hand to point him out?"

"Not for the world! There must be nothing which could suggest that I gave information."

"Oh, that would be all right. If you were there, we could arrest you

too, you know, on suspicion. We could let you out afterwards when we found we had not sufficient evidence against you; but the arrest would put you all right with the Anarchists."

Madame Ferrier mused a moment or two. "No, the mere fact of my being on the spot would of itself be suspicious to my husband. It is he I must guard against. I think, if you were to arrest me at home, that would help to throw dust in his eyes."

"All right. I'll have that seen to. But where are we to see Geraud?"

"He will be with my husband at Euston Station at ten to-night. His idea is to catch the 10.10 to Liverpool. But it's a clear bargain that, if you secure Geraud, you will not endanger the life of my husband?"

"Provided always that he has done nothing more than you have told me, and merely received Geraud's confidences after the event."

"Yes, that is so. He is a simple fellow, who imagines himself to be a desperate creature; but he would not hurt anybody. And there is another matter. There is a reward out for this Geraud."

"Ah! You think that you may save your husband and do a stroke of business as well? Come, that's clever! Well, it's a reward issued by the French Government. We have nothing to do with it."

"But should I not get it?"

"I don't see why not. You may trust me to put your services properly before the French authorities if anything comes of this communication."

"It will come off all right if you do your part."

"That brings us back to the question of how we are to know Geraud without hesitation. He'll be with your husband, you say; but how are we to know your husband? Does he wear anything at all conspicuous?"

"No; he dresses in quite the ordinary way."

"Do you ever quarrel with him?"

"I have done so, but not often."

"I should not wonder now if you had had a tiff quite recently!"

"Last night."

"Now, that's capital! Couldn't you give him a little present, by way of reconciliation, without awakening any suspicion?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Say we were to go out now and buy a tie for him, a tie which I could recognise again, do you think you could get him to wear it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Say it was a red tie, something very glaring, to be seen yards off?"

"Why, he would love it. It's the very thing."

"Then that's what we'll do. If he doesn't care about it, don't press him. Let me find Geraud unaided rather than you should do anything to arouse his suspicions; but if you can safely get him to wear the tie to the station it will make it so much easier."

"Trust me to see to that."

"There's a good little woman! You ought to be in the force. You have done what some people would call an act of treachery, but you have saved your husband from probable trouble. It would have gone hard with him had his part in this matter been discovered by means other than through the medium of your little bargain."

"Blast that tie!" muttered Geraud, as he and Ferrier were on their way to Euston. "Everybody looks at it."

"No, my friend, it is your fancy," Ferrier assured him.

"You couldn't have taken a better means of making us look conspicuous. Why didn't you do as I asked, and take it off before we started?"

"Well, if you must know, there were family reasons. The fact is, my wife and I quarrelled about——" He hesitated, and Geraud looked at him curiously, wondering what was the reason of his confusion. "Well, we quarrelled," proceeded Ferrier. "Never mind what it was about. She owned she was in the wrong, kissed me, and gave me this as a little present. I thought it was very handsome. I did not intend to wear it now, but thought of keeping it for Sunday. But the wife seemed hurt, and doubted the genuineness of our reconciliation; so, to soothe her, I put it on. It is not the tie. It's your nerves which make you imagine we are observed."

Geraud did not answer. Indeed, he hardly spoke again on the way to the station, but remained moody and apprehensive, as if he could feel the presence of some evil influence, the black shadow of a coming fate. He was brooding morosely over something, and several times looked up quickly and cunningly into the face of his comrade. His heart-strings tightened with every step which brought him nearer to the station; the perspiration broke out on his forehead as he peered from side to side; and once, when a passer-by unexpectedly strode out from the darkness of an ill-lighted turning and crossed his path, Geraud uttered a hoarse cry, reeled backwards, and thrust his hand—he was left-handed—into his jacket-pocket. The stranger, thinking Geraud was in a condition necessitating the use of as much of the pavement as could be spared to him, stepped into the roadway and passed along. Geraud kept his hand in his left-side coat-pocket.

The pair had barely got inside the station before Inspector Belton, coming from the right rear, seized Geraud by the shoulder and arms. Other officers ran up simultaneously.

Geraud swung round, with a look upon his evil face in which terror and hatred struggled for the supremacy, and, without removing his hand from his pocket, with a swift turn of the wrist fired, through the lining of his coat, the revolver he had been clenching for the past five minutes. A second later he was overpowered and thrown to the ground.

But his aim had been deadly sure.

"The traitor!" he ground out through his gnashing teeth. "I had a presentiment of this. I saw him touch his tie. It was the signal."

The body of Louis Ferrier lay lifeless on the platform.

## MISS WATTS-PHILLIPS.

Miss Roland Watts-Phillips, the daughter of the author of "The Dead Heart," has returned to London after some years' residence in Australia, where she has become popular as an actress. On the death of her father, in 1874, she decided upon making the stage her profession, having repeatedly evinced the possession of considerable dramatic ability. Placing herself for a few months under the tuition of Mrs. Stirling, she made her debut in 1875 at the York Theatre Royal, then under the management of Mr. John Coleman, one of her father's oldest friends. Two years later, she accepted an engagement with Mr. Chute, of Bristol, thence finding her way to London, where she appeared under the direction of Miss Genevieve Ward. Subsequently Miss Watts-Phillips became a member of Mr. Toole's company at the Folly Theatre, playing several leading comedy-parts, and being the original Kate Vennimore in H. J. Byron's "Upper Crust." She sustained this character over four hundred and sixty consecutive nights. In 1880, she decided to visit Australia; but, before leaving England, she was specially engaged by Mr. Toole to play before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. She made her first Australian appearance at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, in her father's play, "On the Jury," and then joined Mr. George Rignold's company. She afterwards toured the Australian colonies with Miss Genevieve Ward, playing seconds to that lady. In 1886 a touch of home-sickness induced Miss Watts-Phillips to return to London, where she was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for the lead in "Human Nature" during a series of three provincial tours. Three years later she revisited Australia, in response to a cabled invitation from Mr. Rignold, reappearing in Sydney in her old part in "The Lights o' London." Since then she has remained a member of Mr. Rignold's company, sustaining a leading part in every important production.



Photo by Falk, Sydney.

J. P.

## THE TWO SIR WALTERS.

I.

The prophet he of King Romance,  
He told the fame  
Of Knight who wielded sword and lance,  
Of courtly Dame.  
And through his pages often rang  
The rousing blast  
Of battle; for he mostly sang  
The storied past.  
It was the age of Chivalry  
That won his praise;  
He loved the folk of high degree  
Of other days.  
Immortal he; an honourette  
Fell to his lot;  
They made the hero baronet—  
Sir Walter Scott.

II.

His burden is of London Town,  
And scarce its glories.  
The folk that ne'er achieve renown  
Create his stories.  
He paints the dirty, squalid cast,  
Its crowded alleys;  
To tell us how their flocks are fleeced  
On sweaters' galleys.  
And ever from his pages rise  
The plaints of pity  
For those who live 'neath smoky skies  
In sordid city.  
It is his aim to seek to right  
The living Present.  
Had Chivalry so brave a Knight?—  
Sir Walter Besant.

J. M. B.



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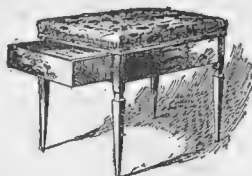
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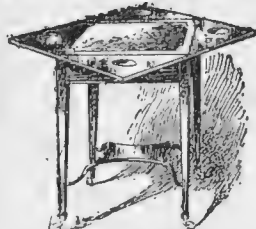
Dark Mahogany Corner Chair, with underframing, Seat upholstered in handsome tapestry, finished copper nails, 27s. 6d.



Sheraton Inlaid Tea-Tray, 10s. 6d. 23 in. by 15 in. Also in oval and kidney shapes.



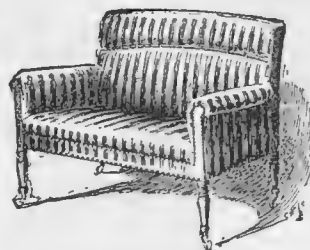
Music-Seat, in Silk Tapestry, 39s. 6d.



Card-Table, Envelope Folding, 2 ft. 7 in. across top, £2 15s.



Floor-Lamp, Wrought Iron and Copper, 14s. 6d.



Settee in Striped Velvet, Length, 4 ft. 2 in.; Height, 3 ft. 4 in., £5 10s.



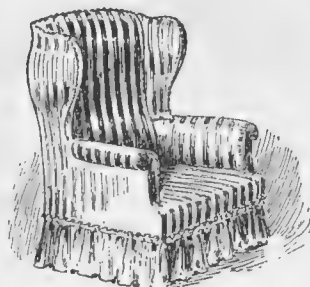
Café-au-Lait, Minton China, white and gold fluted, £1 1s.



Claret-Jug, Fine Cut Crystal, 10s.



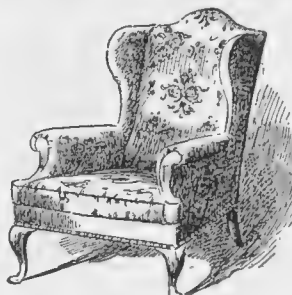
Moorish Bureau, in Fumed Oak, 4 ft. 7 in. high, 2 ft. 7 in. wide, £4 15s.



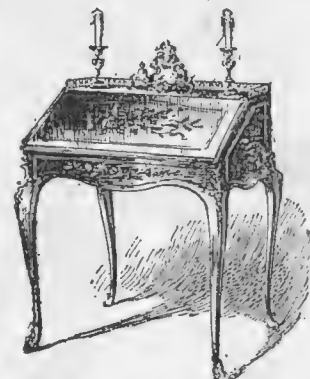
The "Redewelle" Chair, 3 ft. 6 in. high, 27 in. wide, in Striped Plush, STUFFED ALL HAIR, 85s. With Cradle Spring Seat and Flounce as shown, £5 15s.



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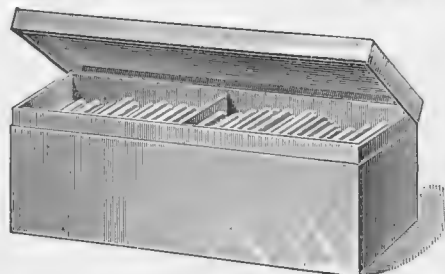
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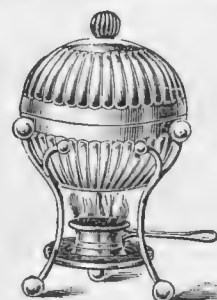
# USEFUL AND ARTISTIC PRESENTS.



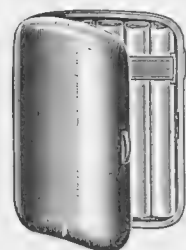
Prince's Plate Stand, for Bread-and-Butter, Cake, Sugar, and Cream. Doulton Ware China Dishes, prettily decorated with flowers; Sugar-Basin and Cream-Jug in Prince's Plate, Interiors richly gilt, £4.



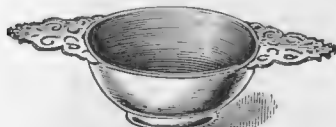
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" 6 in. .. 4 5 0  
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Sterling Silver Concave Cigarette-Case, 21s., 25s., 30s. Solid Gold, £7 10s.



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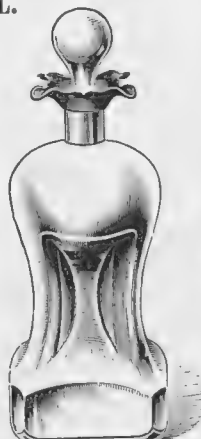


Escallop Butter-Shell and Knife, with Glass Lining. Prince's Plate, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £1 12s.

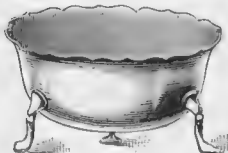
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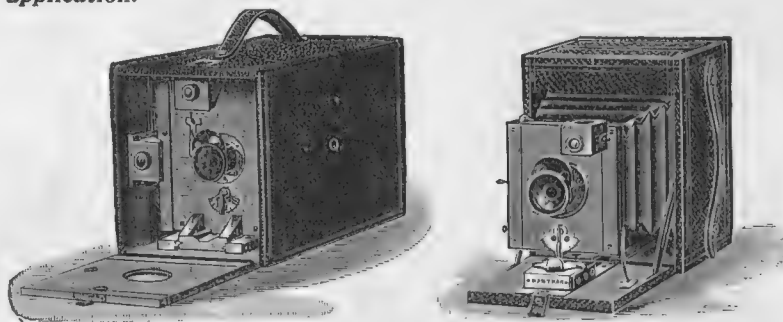
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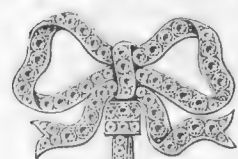
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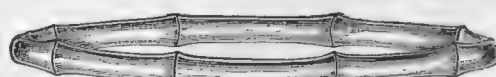


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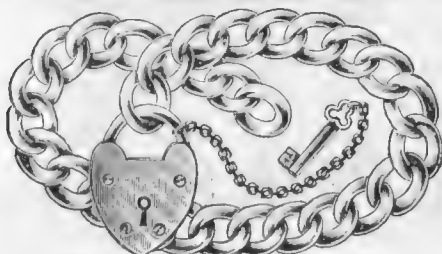


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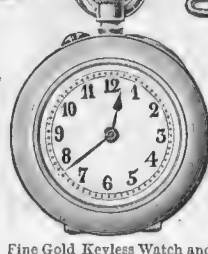
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"FAUST" AT THE EMPIRE.

*Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.*



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The late Mr. W. E. Bradley, the sporting journalist, whose death was recently announced, was well known all over the racing world as an able and conscientious writer on the Sport of Kings. He



MR. J. BRADLEY.

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.

was ably assisted by his son, whose portrait appears in this column to-day; and I am sure Mr. J. Bradley will fill the vacant place to the satisfaction of his clients. Bradley's Turf News Agency, with head-offices at 4, Chapel Walk, Manchester, was established ten years ago, and it is the boast of the firm that they have never lost a single paper that has been placed on their list; and they supply intelligence to papers in London, Edinburgh, Leeds, Newcastle, Hanley, and Glasgow. The firm employs special correspondents at all the principal training centres. Young Mr. Bradley, as he is known to his friends, did all his father's work as travelling correspondent for the *Sporting Chronicle* during the last three years, and very well he did it, too. He is in touch with all the leading lights of the Turf, and he personally sees the morning work, and gives special attention to the condition of the horses. Mr. Bradley, I need scarcely add, is very popular in the Press Box. He is a quiet, unassuming man, and tied to his work, which he does without the slightest ostentation. He is very abstemious, and believes in the old proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise."

Hospitality at Ascot is dispensed on a lavish scale by owners of tents on the opposite side of the course, but those who have to provide their own luncheons find them come rather expensive. I do not see why the refreshment contractors could not provide a half-crown cold luncheon to persons using the Grand Stand Enclosure. They would make a good profit out of the wine. I know of several visitors to Ascot who go without a luncheon because they object to pay more than half-a-crown for a cold meal.



The Manchester Cup has fallen to Florizel II. The Cup is in the Renaissance style, and very rich in outline and decoration. The body is enriched with fine panels in *repoussé*, one containing a scene from the mystic story of the War of Theseus, the King Arthur of Grecian history, with the Amazons, and his subsequent capture of Hippolyta, their leader, to be his Athenian bride. Finely modelled figures of "Truth" and "Prudence" are depicted on either side, supported by brackets, thus forming the handles. Surmounting the whole, "Fame" is exquisitely represented, distributing rewards to the victors. The vase stands on a massive ebony plinth, decorated in front with a shield and wreath of laurels, and lions rampant at each side, supporting shields. The Cup has been designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of Manchester.

The Prince of Wales takes the liveliest interest in anything in which he is engaged. When on

a racecourse, his Royal Highness scans all the horses carefully as they parade and canter, and I am sure he is a good judge of a racehorse. The Prince is, too, very fond of chatting to trainers of John Porter's and R. Marsh's standing. Nothing, I am sure, would give the racing public greater pleasure than to see his Royal Highness owning a Derby

winner, but I am afraid there is no youngster in the royal stud just now that is likely to win the Blue Riband of the Turf. Still, I am glad the Prince is determined to breed his own racehorses.

The new course at Birmingham is, I am glad to hear, perfectly suited to its purpose. Messrs. Ford are responsible for the management, and it goes without saying that, in this direction, nothing will be wanting to command success. It remains to be seen how the dwellers in Birmingham will take to the new venture. They simply discarded Four Oaks Park, though they flock in their thousands to the old-fashioned meeting annually held at Hall Green.

The great battle for the St. Leger will be between Sir Visto and Whittier. I happen to know that Mr. Dawson is very anxious to win the Doncaster race once more, and the Premier's colt will be trained specially for this event. On the other hand, Waugh thinks Whittier capable of giving any three-year-old in training 10 lb. and a beating.

Some of the bookmakers have had a very bad time of late. I know of two pencilers who were good for £10,000 three years back, but who could not, between them, write cheques for as many pence just now. In one of the cases referred to, the professional gambled with his book, and, of course, came a cropper. The other unfortunate layer caught it warm over Childwick and Victor Wild. In addition, he was the victim in two heavy starting-price jobs, over one of which he had to pay out £7000. Of course, he ought to have done some hedging.

## NIKISCH.

Beginning on Saturday, a series of four orchestral concerts are to be given at Queen's Hall, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, director of the Royal Opera House in Buda-Pesth. He was born in the little town of Szent Miklos, in Hungary, in 1855, and in his eleventh year he entered the Vienna Conservatorium, under the tuition of Dessoff and Heissler, and subsequently also, under Hellmesberger, he studied composition and the violin. At fourteen he was awarded a certificate testifying to his complete artistic equipment, and in 1872 he won the chief silver medal and first prize for violin-playing.

Undoubtedly, the greatest distinction conferred upon him while still a pupil at the Conservatorium was his selection to represent that institution among the first-violins in the orchestra on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Opera House at Bayreuth. In January, 1874, Nikisch entered the Royal Opera House orchestra at Vienna as a first-violin player, and remained in that responsible position for four years. In 1878, he was called to direct the great orchestra which included Sucher, Seidl, Reicher-Kindermann, and other well-known artists. From that date, his career has been one long series of successes. Vienna, Carlsruhe, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Cassel, successively tried hard to detach him from Leipzig, but without avail. At last, in 1890, Boston offered him a large sum to conduct the Symphony Concerts there, and Mr. Nikisch accepted. Under his guidance the Boston orchestra achieved wonders; but the limitation of his energies to the concert-room proved a severe privation, and, two years ago, he quitted America for Buda-Pesth, where he is now fully employed as Director of the Royal Opera House, but which he is to leave, before the end of the year, for a new engagement, perhaps the highest honour yet conferred upon him.

"I recollect perfectly," writes a friend of his, "Arthur Nikisch telling me, a few years ago, that he had composed works in every conceivable musical form, but that when he began his public career he hid them away in a cupboard; and, when he had gained experience of the compositions of other men, he came to the conclusion that he had greater productive than creative gifts, and, therefore, destroyed his manuscripts. A few songs, however, of his have been published, which his wife, formerly a *prima donna* at Cassel, used to sing delightfully."

His home life is modest and refined, rather retiring than ostentatious, and his temperament inclines him to avoid grand displays in the prettily furnished villa which his family occupies in the aristocratic part of Pesth.

C. FRANK DEWEY.



MR. NIKISCH.

Photo by Falk, New York.



## TO METAMORPHOSE FAT PERSONS.

We were reading in a well-known weekly paper how to reduce obesity, wherein it is stated that "The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The book, 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages), containing the 'recipe,' can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, sixpence." We had the curiosity to send to this specialist, and found to our surprise that he had discovered a simple herbal remedy, most pleasant to the taste, which entirely disposed of the necessity of starving oneself if he wished to be rid of all superfluous matter. An interesting point which goes to prove that the almost magical compound is beyond doubt harmless, is that in prescribing it in a tentative way to lean persons, or rather to those who carry no superfluity of fat beyond that which is required as fuel for Nature's furnace, the medicine is absolutely inoperative, attacking only that unhealthy, disease-creating waste accumulation which is the burden of the fat creature's existence. In many cases where people take decoctions reputed to be new medical discoveries to cure some specific disease, they may recover by the action of the medicine, or Nature may have effected her own cure. In the case of corpulency, if a simple remedy undertakes to reduce a person, say 7 lb. in a week, all that one has to do is to get weighed, and thus prove it conclusively. So it is with Mr. Russell's compound, but he asks you to prove it in twenty-four hours only.

The following are extracts from other journals:

## EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending sixpence in stamps (cost of postage), a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had post free from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter.*

## GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PERSONS.

It is a matter for congratulation that obesity is taking its proper place as a disease, and is receiving that scientific attention which it has long lacked. It does not follow that a person need to be the size of Sir John Falstaff to show that he is unhealthy fat. According to a person's height so should his weight correspond, and this standard

has been prepared by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., so that anyone can see at a glance whether or no he is too stout. People in the past have been wont to regard fatness as constitutional, and something to be laughed at rather than to be prescribed for seriously; but this is evidently an error, as persons whose mode of life has caused a certain excess of flesh require treating for the cause of that excess, not by merely stopping further increase, but by removing the cause itself. It is astonishing how long we go on perpetuating error, and how difficult it is to make people disbelieve anything, no matter how palpably false the principle, if it has become at all firmly fixed in the public mind. These facts with regard to obesity, however, are so obvious that there ought to be no difficulty about their acceptance when once they become known; and, as a matter of fact, the immense number of persons who have already acknowledged their truth by recording the benefits received from Mr. Russell's treatment is simply wonderful. It is marvellous how this "Pasteur" and "Koch" of English discoverers can actually reduce as much as 14 lb. in seven days with a simple herbal remedy. His book (256 pages) only costs sixpence, post free, and he is quite willing to afford all information to those sending as above. It is really worth reading.—*Southport Visitor.*

## HOW OBESITY MAY BE CURED.

We have before us a little pamphlet on "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Square, London, W.C., who goes into the causes and cure of the disease with bold certainty of his curative powers. Here the author is "matter-of-fact." He makes no mystery whatever about his cure. This is not like the treatment of an ordinary disease, for all the doubtful person has to do is to go to one of the "penny in the slot" weighing-machines and ascertain for himself how much weight he has lost. The results are really astounding. I can quite understand those people who are put on some sort of starvation diet losing an amount of fat, but in this case he simply smiles and calls your attention to the fact that when the first 2 lb. are lost, the system becomes more healthy and requires more food. Fat people must not miss this book, and it only costs sixpence, post free.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

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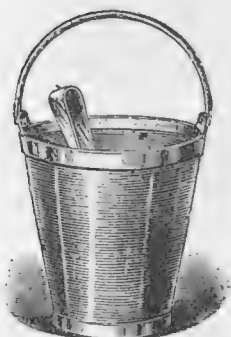


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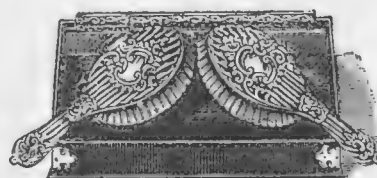
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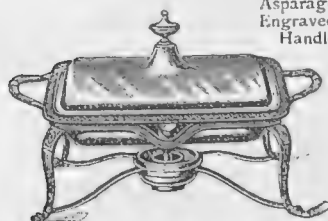
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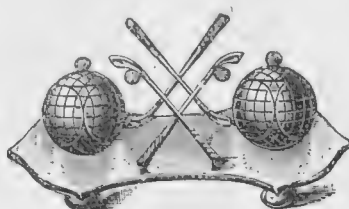
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## SEVERE PAINS.

Mrs. S. DALLINGER, Aldinga Villa, Oxford Road, Bourne-mouth, writes:

"A lady in my house was taken with severe pains in the leg and side at night. I rubbed well with Elliman's the affected part, which allayed the pain and enabled the lady to sleep."

## ACHES AND PAINS.

Miss ROSE ALPHONSINE, Spiral Ascensionist, writes:

"When doing my Spiral Ascension at the Jardin de Paris, my feet and knees became swollen and very sore. I tried your Embrocation, and after two good rubbings I was able to perform. I now use it after every ascension, and will always keep some by me."

"23, Helix Gardens, Brixton Hill, S.W., London, Oct. 29, 1894."

ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS

ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## GOLF.

The defeat of Taylor, the open champion, by Willie Fernie has been the sensation of the golfing world. It was only an exhibition match, it is true, but Taylor had a reputation to lose, and would not be likely to throw anything away by careless play. The fact is that Fernie, on

footballers, golfers, or even billiard-players?" For my part, I cannot see why sport should not have its knights, as well as politics, finance, the drama, or even art or literature.

Title or no title, "W. G." will for years to come—aye, probably for centuries—be a hero to the public mind. With the single exception, perhaps, of another "W. G."—I mean Mr. Gladstone—there is probably no Englishman whose name is more of a household word than that of the great Gloucestershire cricketer. I have an idea that, when the grand old batsman passes away from the land of runs and centuries—which, be it hoped, will not be for many a long day—legends will grow up around his memory regarding his extraordinary prowess. In his case, however, there is hardly need for legends. The facts of his career are so extraordinary that the historians of, say, the three-thousandth century, when they come to treat him scientifically, will, no doubt, allege that the W. G. Grace of the nineteenth century was a mere myth. They will say such a phenomenon was impossible. No man ever could score over a hundred centuries in first-class cricket. No man in his forty-seventh year could possibly make over a thousand runs in three weeks. No man ever could achieve a record such as that which we are asked to believe was achieved by the mythical Grace towards the close of the nineteenth century.

But Dr. Grace is no myth. He is a fact—a solid, reliable fact, weighing some sixteen stone, standing six feet two inches in height, and with a chest-measurement that reminds one of the days when there were giants in the land. Even in

physique, he is the most heroic figure ever seen on the cricket-field. So ample are his proportions that the bat in his hand becomes a mere toy—a sort of drum-stick, with which he spansks the ball to all parts of the field.

And the worthy Doctor is not finished yet. What he may do it were foolish to prophesy, since, to him, all cricketing things seem possible. And, be it remembered, he is only forty-seven. It was a graceful and



W. H. FERNIE MAKING HIS FINAL ON THE HOME GREEN.

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

his day, is unbeatable. He is a somewhat uneven player, and has not that machine-like decision which distinguishes Taylor. The match was played over the links at Greenock. The first round was done by Fernie in 71, as against 75 by Taylor, and the second round saw each man take exactly 76 strokes. In what was called the international match, Herd and Taylor scored a rather easy victory over the Scottish pair, but, as Herd is, by birth and traditions, a Scot of the Scots, the match can in no way count as an international contest.

The real international game is being contested, while I write, over the St. Andrews course, between Taylor and Kirkaldy. Of course, in these contests a little bit of luck will make all the difference between winning and losing; but out of, say, five matches played, Taylor being the steadier, if less brilliant player, would probably win the majority. What has come over Rolland, the great match-player? Surely he would have made a worthy opponent to the English champion?

## CRICKET.

Why not "Sir W. G."? This has been the staple of talk among cricketers since Dr. W. G. Grace completed his century of centuries and created a fresh record by scoring over a thousand runs in the first month of the season. Again, why not "Sir W. G."? It is difficult to answer.

No one will deny that Sir Henry Irving sounds well, reads well, deserves well, but, as the old lady said, "If Sir Henry is a great player, 'W. G.' is a greater." Of course, fastidious people will say "Where are you to draw the line? If you are to knight cricketers, why not



HERD MAKING HIS FINAL ON THE HOME GREEN.

*Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.*

wise tribute of the Prince of Wales to send "W. G." a congratulatory letter; and if Lord Rosebery, himself a keen sportsman, is wise, he will immediately carry into effect the people's wishes, and give us a Sir William Gilbert Grace. Such an act of popular desire might win a General Election. In the meantime, a national testimonial is to be presented to England's greatest cricketer. Present indications seem to point to a pecuniary testimonial. This is all very well, and very worthy; but gold, we know, in the form of sovereigns melts away, and often "leaves



Richardson (captain).

NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Photo by W. E. Wing, Calgary, N.W.T.

not a wrack behind." We want something more enduring than a mere gift of money. Let us have that by all means; but let us have something permanent and substantial.

I have a proposal to make. It is not, I know, the custom to erect statues to living men; but there is no sufficient reason why this should be so. Honour a man in his lifetime, and worship him, if you like, when he is dead. My proposal is that, with part of the testimonial money, a statue in bronze or marble should be erected in Lord's Ground, the headquarters of the national game, to remain there for admiring crowds to gaze at through all time. Grace cannot be with us for ever, more's the pity! but the people in future generations might see a counterfeit of the great, bearded giant in his cricketing flannels as he went to the wicket. I can conceive no more heroic figure, and I am certain that, in honouring Grace in this way the nation would be honouring itself. At St. Andrews a statue of young Tommy Morris is erected, to show us, and future generations, what that young golfing phenomenon was like in the flesh. Of his deeds we can read, but we have his personality rendered permanent by this outward and visible semblance of the man. Golfers gaze at the face and figure with a respect amounting to awe. Dr. Grace would stand for a representation of the athletic manhood of the nation, and I know of no military hero whose fame is more worthy of being perpetuated in this manner.

A nice problem has presented itself to the philosophical cricketer during the four or five weeks of the present season that have gone. Why is it that runs have been so prolific, that so many men have scored centuries? Can it be that the wickets are better, or that the bowling is worse? Is the heavy scoring we have seen in the nature of an epidemic? Is there a cricket microbe in the air? We have had as good wickets, even better wickets, many a time, with no such scoring. We have had worse bowling many a time, with no such scoring. Have we not to-day some of the best trundlers that ever handled the ball? Was there ever, at any time in England, such a combination of fast bowlers as Mold, Richardson, Woodcock, Kortright? Was there ever a better medium-paced lot than Pougher, Attewell, Martin, Wainwright? Was there ever a stronger combination of slow bowlers than Briggs, Tyler, Peel, Smith? Certainly not within my recollection. It is impossible, then, to account for the enormous yield of runs during the month of May.

In the meantime, we are seeing some strange doings in the county championship matches. We have now fourteen first-class counties taking part, and the youngest of these, Hampshire, has opened the season in a sensational manner. In their first match against Somerset they broke down so badly in their first innings that they were compelled to follow on. In spite of this handicap, Hants played up pluckily, and actually beat the Westerners by eleven runs. A few days later, at Southampton, Hampshire simply smothered Derbyshire, with an innings to spare. If this sort of thing goes on, we shall have some strange surprises before the season is finished. For a time, Gloucestershire could do nothing wrong. They beat Somerset, Kent, and Middlesex straight away. After this succession of brilliant wins, who would have thought the county of the Graces would have fallen a victim to Sussex? Surrey have been unlucky and unfortunate. They opened the championship season with

a loss against Leicester, beat Warwickshire and Essex, in each instance with an innings to spare, would have beaten Warwickshire easily in the return fixture had rain not stopped play, and again they beat their old rivals at Nottingham by a rather handsome majority. Leicester have lost only one match and won three, but they have scarcely batsmen enough to bring them out at the top. The following are the fixtures for the week—

June 13—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Surrey.  
At Southampton, Hampshire v. Yorkshire.  
At Brighton, Sussex v. Middlesex.  
At Leyton, Essex v. Somerset.  
At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Kent.  
17—At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Surrey.  
At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Gloucestershire.  
At Tonbridge, Kent v. Middlesex.  
At Nottingham, Notts v. Lancashire (Flowers' benefit).  
At Stockport, Cheshire v. Staffordshire.  
At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Hampshire.

#### CYCLING.

The Catford Cycling Club is national, and not local, and all their events are right up to date. With a brand-new track in this charming suburb of London, the Kittens intend to go for all they are worth this season, and next Friday they have the honour of leading the way, in this department of racing, with their great twenty-four hours' contest, which commences at eight o'clock in the evening, and finishes at the same time on the next day. Of course, the aim and object of the club is to bring home records to the new track, and show the superiority of wood over cement. We shall see. The race will be for licensed amateurs, and the Catford Gold Vase, to be competed for under N.C.U. rules, must be won three times (not necessarily in succession) before becoming the absolute property of the holder. In addition to the Gold Vase, the winner will receive a prize valued at ten guineas. My cycling friends should take a run down to Catford and see the start next Friday.

#### FOOTBALL.

Here is a photograph I have only just received—hence its lateness—of the football team belonging to the North-West Mounted Police, Regina, Canada, which recently travelled to Calgary, Alberta, playing three matches, the first against Calgary and District; second, "E" Division, North-West Mounted Police, stationed at Calgary; and third, against a combined team picked from the two teams. Calgary is the centre of a large ranching district, and is situated at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The Regina team won each match without a point being scored against them. The following were the points scored—

Beat Calgary and District, 6 goals 1 try, or 33 points to nil.  
Beat N.W.M. Police, Calgary, 1 goal, or 5 points to nil.  
Beat combined teams, 1 try, or 3 points to nil.

The team left Regina on April 11, returning on April 16, having travelled twelve hundred miles to play, which is covering a large distance in so short a time. The team hold the Manitoba and North-West Rugby Union Cup, which they won last fall. All the team are Old Country men, many of them having had places in first-class clubs here.

The handsome football shield here illustrated was competed for by teams of the various British regiments stationed in Egypt, and ultimately won by the 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment. Each member



of the teams entering the final was presented with a characteristic medal as a souvenir. The trophy was designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

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**GORDON HOTELS,**

In Clubs, Colleges, Hospitals, Schools, Messes,  
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6 $\frac{1}{2}$  & 1/- A soothing emollient for health and beauty of the skin. For the complexion. Prevents wrinkles, sunburn, and chapping.

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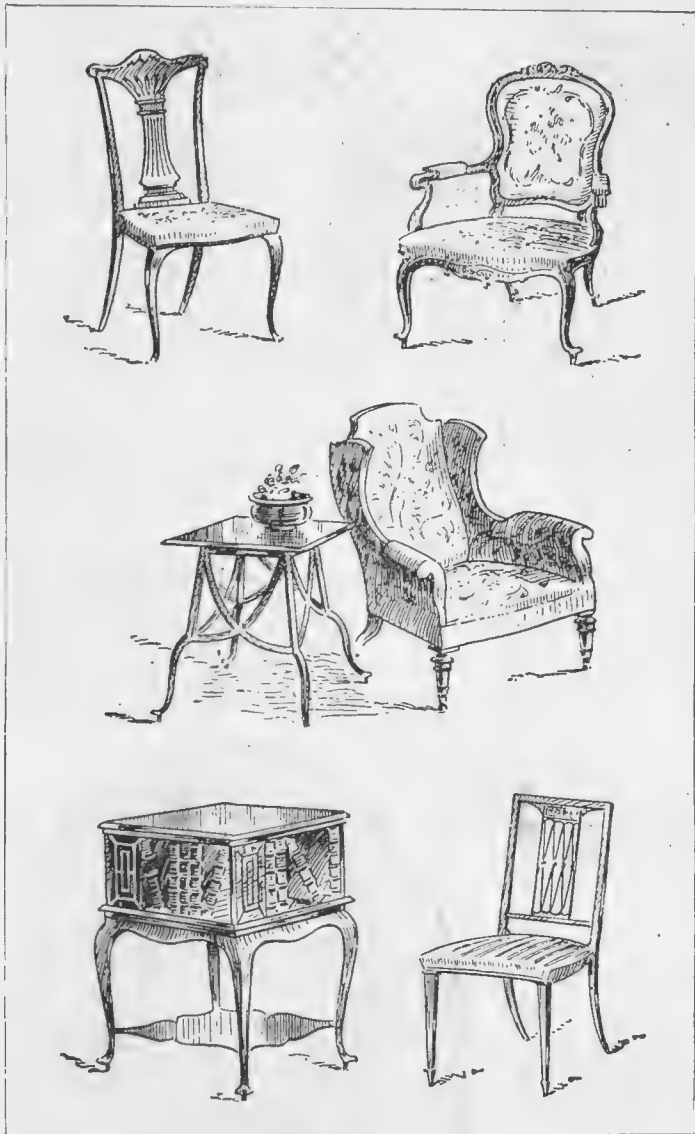
104, 106, & 108, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## ABOUT WEDDING PRESENTS.

I had come to the conclusion this week that Dame Fashion was a most unsatisfactory acquaintance, forced thereto by the fact that, at the moment, her one and only costume seemed to be an alpaca coat and skirt, whose simple smartness left all her ideas free to be concentrated upon the glories of her Ascot gowns—glories which, at this present time, are in the distinctly preliminary, and therefore uninteresting, stage. This being so, and I being consequently left somewhat in the position of the jealous Moor, I was promptly taken possession of by a friend who



SOME FURNITURE AT WARING'S.

belongs to that weak class of beings who cannot, or will not, buy anything—let it be a new veil or a suite of drawing-room furniture—unless they are strengthened by the company and advice of some stronger-minded acquaintance who will come to their aid when their powers of choice are getting hopelessly involved. This particular friend was a lover of antiquities, and had been seized with an overwhelming desire to visit Messrs. Waring and Sons' exhibition of old furniture, tapestries, and the like, and so I was dragged off to 181, Oxford Street, and told that, as I was lacking in the proper appreciation for these old treasures, I could potter about among the modern household gods and get "copy" galore, while she worshipped devoutly at the shrine of the antique. I gave in with a very good grace, simply because I have a great admiration and affection for Waring's goods; and, in due course, I was treated, among other things, to a glimpse of some marvellous old tapestries and embroideries, which made my eyes positively ache in sympathy with the industrious creatures who had expended weeks and months, and, indeed, years sometimes, upon them. We live too quickly for such work nowadays; but we seem only too delighted to expend our gold upon these monuments of patience. The old suits of armour, too, filled me with pity for the old-time warriors whose poor bones must have ached under their weight—how they ever managed to fight when so attired will ever be a profound mystery to me. However, there are the suits of armour mounting guard over old china whose surpassing ugliness and exceeding great price will make glad the hearts of connoisseurs, though it failed to raise one responsive thrill in mine. However, I was raised to enthusiasm by a seventeenth-century confessional-box, adorned with superbly beautiful carving, and with a little latticed window at each side. If the tales of confession went in at

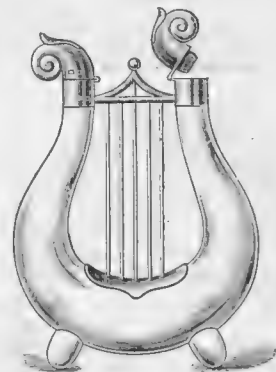
one ear and out at the other, the admonition and consolation must have got a little mixed sometimes, I should think; but oh! how I did wish that that box could have told me some of its stories. However, as it did not seem in the least inclined to do so, I retired in despair to the less mysterious but more satisfying beauties of modern furniture.

Of course, I fell a victim to the luxurious loveliness of the "fitted" rooms—a bath-room, first, redolent with the perfume of sandalwood, and with cushioned, alcoved seats in close proximity to the fireplace, the soft, rich beauty of the Oriental coverings and curtains, and the marble of the bath, combining to make a picture to delight a sybarite. On, then, I passed into a white-panelled bedroom, where palest pink and blue were introduced as colouring, and where the bed stood in an alcove draped with faintest rose-pink silk, radiating from an electric-light sun. Truly, one can make life a beautiful thing by means of such beautiful surroundings, if only one is blessed with the necessary amount of worldly dross—imagine life in a flat fitted up in this fashion—but "fitted" rooms and such luxuries are not within the reach of all, though chairs and tables such as those I have had sketched for you appeal to everyone, whether they belong to the class of those about to marry, whose number increases by leaps and bounds during the present month and the next also, or whether they are among the correspondingly increasing number of those who go about to find gifts for these rash young folks. To all such be it known that it is possible to obtain a gracefully formed dining-room chair in morocco and mahogany, such as the first one illustrated, for the modest sum of three pounds, the last one, in tapestry and mahogany, being one pound cheaper. Or, if arm-chairs appeal more to your sense of comfort, you can repose in state in the carved Louis XV. chair, or enable your friends to do so, for an expenditure of five guineas; or, again, if cretonne and the more homely grandfather shape, allied to the price of three guineas, prove more attractive, still you are provided for. This last chair may well be induced to enter into partnership with a mahogany occasional table, which has the distinct advantage of having particularly firm understandings, which resist any clumsy endeavours to overturn it, and enable your mind to be at peace regarding the fate of your best afternoon tea-set, two pounds being well expended on such a good cause, what say you? Last, but not least, may I introduce to you a most desirable revolving book-case in mahogany, which rejoices in the modest price of four guineas, and then tell me if you are not convinced that, in spite of almost priceless curios and costly fitted rooms, Messrs. Waring have equal attractions for those folks with more modest incomes?

Also, brides-elect, may I advise you to give your special attention to the beautiful tapestries and the dainty cretonnes which will help so largely to make your home a place of beauty? I never before realised that you can have a really good tapestry for two shillings a-yard, though, of course, you can be as extravagant as you please if nothing will satisfy you but silk tapestry; while, as to the cretonnes, one of the very newest designs has a black ground patterned with large flowers in soft shades of blue and pink, set round with tender-green leaves, and with a scroll-like design in mauve, to give the finishing touch to a most effective scheme of colour. Others there are which are wonderfully successful copies in cotton of the beauties of chiné silks, their soft, blurred designs of great roses and poppies on delicately tinted grounds having almost the effect of water-colour painting. And that friend of mine, of course, claimed my attention just when I was trying to decide between the rival merits of an eau-de-Nil ground, on which full-blown tea-roses displayed themselves, and a cloudy grey made beautiful by the tender pinkness of the patterned roses. However, I bore no malice, and added my approval and blessing to the purchase of a gorgeous bedspread in yellow satin, which was a really glorious example of Spanish manilla-work—this information as to its origin being given me by my friend, I must confess—and an entirely beautiful Louis XIV. fan, with inlaid tortoiseshell mounts, and quaint, hand-painted design—a thing too beautiful to be submitted to the desecration of ordinary use, and only fitted for distant worship in a cabinet shrine. And even then my meditations on our homeward journey



A LUMINOUS MATCH-BOX CASE.



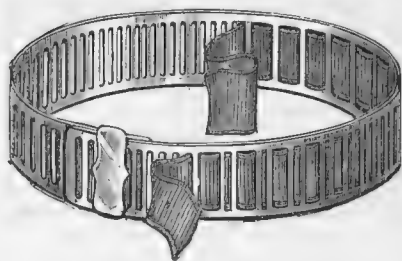
A NEW LIQUEUR-BOTTLE.

were broken into by admonitions to advise my readers to send for the exhibition catalogue, on which I flaunted my pattern of cretonne as reply, and advised my companion to send present-seekers to Waring's, and housewives—prospective or present—to the cretonne department.

Before we did arrive home I had discovered two other things which proclaimed themselves to be good and novel; one of them a glass liqueur-bottle in the shape of a lyre, with strings and mounts of silver-gilt, and a

capacity for pouring out its contents from either side. There is something poetic in this symbolical union of music and wine—or, rather, liqueur—which makes one willing to pay five pounds for the pretty thing, though if, after looking twice at such a sum, you decide to keep it in your pocket, there is left to you the choice of the new match-box case—in real silver, be it noted—with a top of luminous glass, on which the legend "Matches" is legibly written in silver letters, thereby revealing the whereabouts of these elusive little necessities at any moment of the night. The price thereof I discovered, on application to the makers (Messrs. Wilson and Gill), to be only 37s. 6d., so I should advise a call at 134, Regent Street, at the earliest possible moment.

Now, having devoted so much of our attention to the pressing claims of Hymen's votaries, I think our own needs deserve a momentary consideration, which shall be devoted to the latest invention for our benefit, the "Acme" belt by name, which is one of the many products following the reign of the blouse. Its appearance you will see by the sketch, but I must tell you that it is made of nickel-silver, and can be threaded through with ribbon of any colour, to match any blouse or dress. Therefore, you see, it is durable and economical, and it tends to give the waist



THE "ACME" BELT.

that round appearance which the canons of beauty demand; so, if all these points appeal to you, the result should be that, with 3s. 6d. in your hand, you should demand the production of an "Acme" belt from the next draper whose establishment comes in your way. The particular number of inches which you proudly or shamefacedly acknowledge as the measurement of your waist need not trouble you, for the "Acme" will adjust itself to a waist of any size.

FLORENCE.

## WHERE MAN IS NEVER MISSED.

That man, except in the guise of the harmless, necessary waiter—and even he might be a parlourmaid—is by no means essential to the hilarity of the dinner-table, was proved for the sixth time last Wednesday, when, some sixty strong women who had impressed themselves in print, if not on their age, sat them down in an upper chamber at the Criterion to discuss "consommé George Sand" and the champagne *carte noire* which the waiters dispensed with fraternal discrimination. Though the riddle of the maiden and the owl on the menu-card was hard to read, even with the aid of a Girtonian translator who rendered the motto, "Nor is wisdom absent if the dinner be savoury," there was always the reverse

the novel of the future, the novelist of the future could be seen approaching the temperance orator on her left, who had looked askance on the champagne and cigarettes, and from her lips one heard the murmur, "Your love-story or your life!"

Then Miss Adeline Sergeant, most cheery of chairmen, who had said nice things about the Queen, describing her Majesty as a working-woman, and so, worthy of respect, called upon Miss Christabel Coleridge to speak for the present. Many a

journalist, whose unsigned work goes to swell the common chord of daily life took courage as Miss Coleridge reminded her that, though all could not sing solos (or strike "Keynotes," she might have added, but refrained), there was for each and every writer an audience. Then laughter bubbled forth afresh as, in the speech of the evening, Miss Clementina Black confessed to a passion for the past—for the eighteenth-century past, at least—and forthwith proceeded to send up the demand for the novels of Jane Austen and Miss Burney by her delightful *résumé* of their work. We learned from her that Richardson, who described life from the woman's point of view, was the first woman novelist, and his *Clarissa* the first and still the greatest of modern women, the first heroine who discovered that she had a duty towards herself. Laughter was hushed for a space when, abandoning quaint humour for genuine pathos, Miss Black reminded us of vacant chairs, and paid a tender tribute to one who left behind her chapters of a novel that promised to outstrip even her "Reuben Sachs," her girlhood's masterpiece. Those who remembered a certain girlish, white-robed figure at the first of these annual jests thought regretfully of one who "tasted life a few sad hours, then chose to die."

Then, having registered the title, "The Superfluous Man," for the novel of the future, novelists (and of these were Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Margaret Woods, Miss Annie Swan, "Iota," Miss Holdsworth, Mrs. Rentoul Esler, Mrs. Mona Caird, and "Mrs. Andrew Dean"), poets (among them, Mrs. Meynell, Miss Mathilde Blind, and lesser stars), "George Fleming," pioneer of woman playwrights, laughed a last laugh, and a galaxy of journalistic lights twinkled a last twinkle as Miss Honor Morten playfully dipped behind the table to avoid the vote of thanks she had so abundantly earned. Then all fared forth from the delights of purely feminine feasting to ponder the answer to that rash question raised of New Vagabonds, "Who are the greatest women-writers?"

**Speeches.**

"The Queen" — The CHAIR.  
"The Future" — Mrs. NORMAN.  
"The Present" — Miss COLERIDGE.  
"The Past" — Mrs. C. BLACK.

**THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TABLE.**



MISS HONOR MORTEN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Under the somewhat misleading title, "The Paving of Hell: an Operatic Episode," Clarice N. Klein has written five weird little stories, each of which might form the base of an excellent shilling "shocker"; this is especially the case with the last "episode" in the volume, "Suicide or —." The idea of a man marrying a widow without being in the least aware that she is liable to be arrested for the murder of her first husband has in it considerable possibilities of both a humorous and dramatic kind.



FRONTISPIECE OF THE MENU-CARD.

with Claude Tillier's cheery assurance, "Le temps le mieux employé est celui qu'on perd." So the novelist forgot her problem, the "minim pote" her decadence, the journalist her copy and her awaiting devil, and "Yellow Asters," "Girls in the Karpethians," and other lions, sat down to lamb together. Laughter rippled round with the sherry, gained strength with the chicken and champagne, and broke, into silver peals with the advent of the coffee and the frankly avowed cigarette. If the *bombe glacée* suggested to certain victims thoughts of revenge on the smiling, unconscious interviewer, such tendencies ended in harmless explosions of laughter when a certain witching "Girl in the Karpethians," high-priestess of the future, uprose, wreathed in cigarette-smoke, from one end of the horseshoe to tell us many things—old and new—of man. That man was awfully inconspicuous; that he was a mystery soon to be elucidated by the woman novelist; that his days in the ascendant being over, he would be seen in all his true, miserable, native colours—these were some of the truths and prophecies to which the many novelists around the board murmured a fervent "Amen!" And because "Gallia" had said it, had said that the love-story of the public woman, the committee woman, the Pioneer woman (and not her coat and shirt), would be the theme of



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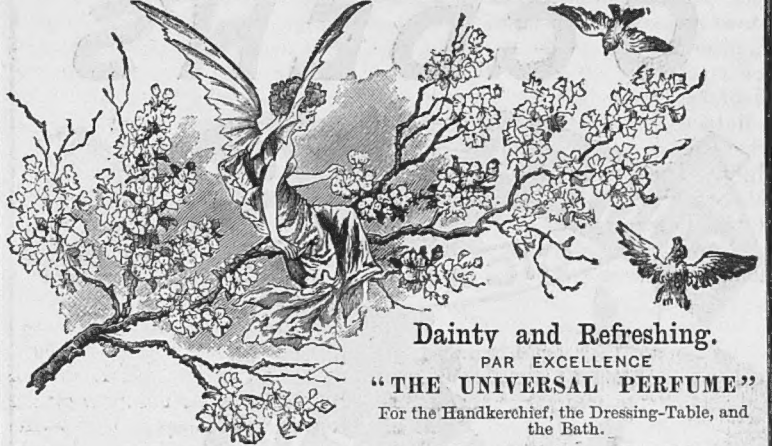
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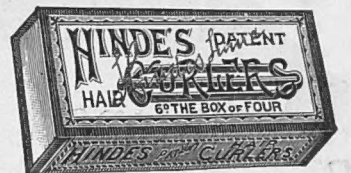
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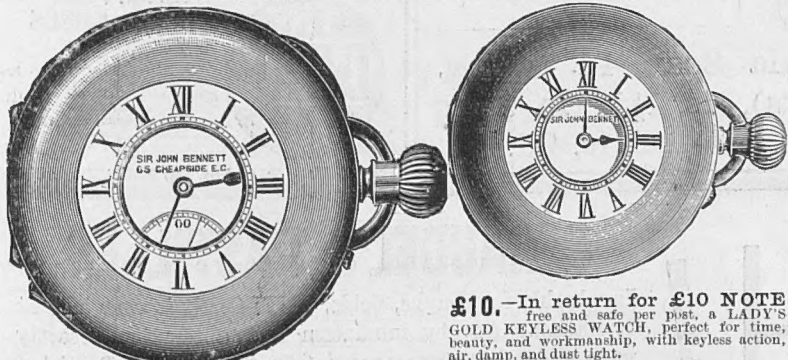
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## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It is to be regretted that great actresses fail to see their relative smallness—that they seem to look upon a play as a vehicle for the display of acting, and do not know that acting is merely a means of expressing a play. If they did not make this mistake, theatres would be pleasanter than they are. For years past Bernhardt has rarely produced a piece of real intrinsic value or interest; and, despite the wonderfully secured admiration of Duse as a true artist, she starts her campaign with “*La Dame aux Camélias*,” of which one is in danger of becoming as tired as of the now extinct work, “*The Lady of Lyons*.” To deny the merit of Dumas’ remarkable work is impossible; but one cannot see it for ever without weariness; nevertheless, the great Italian actress presents it for the third time as her *cheval de bataille*. I conceive that even those who think her performance finer than Bernhardt’s or Modjeska’s, or Jane Hading’s, or Miss Annie Ruppert’s, or Miss Grace Hawthorne’s, must have felt sad on Monday night.

This constant singing of the same song is hard upon the critic. I do not pretend that he is entitled to consideration, for, though Duse’s performances of a given part show greater variety than I can remember in any other actress, it is hard to find new phrases for her work. This time, for instance, for reasons unknowable, she cut down the famous business of writing the letter of farewell to Armand to nothing: last year she elaborated it, and made it prodigiously pathetic; but what can one say of the change save that it seems the result of a whim, and is comically unrealistic? Moreover, it suggests that the actress at times makes changes for the sake of playing a part in a style different from that of others, without considering whether the change is an artistic gain. I must admit that, though the earlier acts appeared to lack fire, I was taken deeply, as usual, by the last act. One critic called her peevish, but I feel that he was wrong. Her death does not seem to me that of Marguerite Gautier, nor, in the other scenes, does she suggest the sentimental *hétaira* who has drawn gallons of tears from sceptical eyes. Regarded, however, simply as the death-scene of an unhappy woman dying just when happiness seemed, after years of strife, within her grasp, it was lovely. Nevertheless, I wish that an Act of Parliament, or the Censor, would forbid a performance of “*La Dame aux Camélias*” for the next ten years. Even the chance of seeing Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the play does not weaken the wish, though it is certain that she would play it superbly.

What, then, about “*La Femme de Claude*”? Had the brilliant Italian any reason for producing it other than that Bernhardt gave it last season? There are many reasons why it should not be produced. In the first place, it is a fantastic, ill-constructed piece, the first act of which is insufferably long, while the other two are absurdly short—in the printed work, Act I. has forty-five pages, Act II. thirty-four, and Act III. fifteen. In the second place, it is a man’s play, not a woman’s, and the men of the company are quite insufficient for their task. In the third, while to a Frenchman it has an extrinsic interest in the fact that the intrigue is connected with the spy question and the effort, by a foreigner, to rob a French inventor of a method of killing men that should give supremacy to France, to us it is but a melodrama with characters, out of our observation or conception, who talk brilliantly at times, but at appalling length.

To me, the real interest in the work is that in it the author comically fails to accomplish his task: he set out to prove that it is right to kill an utterly vicious adulteress, but he has her slain because she is a traitress to France and seeking wilfully to aid its enemies. A further interest lies in the fact that there seems some anticipation of an “Ibsen” woman in the character of Rebecca, the pure girl who candidly tells the married man, when she is put to it, that she loves him, and then goes away on a vague mission.

And Duse? In the second act she played splendidly. Of the absolutely unscrupulous, vicious woman she gave a wonderfully strong picture, though she lacked the touch of sensuality which Bernhardt gave, and, in her temptation of Antonin, was rather too frankly the mercenary *cocotte*. However, the scene in which she tries to regain the love of her husband, and, failing, changes to a hateful fury, was magnificent, and made me resolve that, if she gives the play again, I will go, though I

shall skip the first act. The often-abused term “genius” is not misused of her powers in this part of the piece. Signor Mazzanti gave a fair performance in the capital acting part of Cautagnac: as to the others, I will be silent—charitably.

The first thing in dealing with the production of “*Harold*” is to speak of Sir Augustus Harris, who, undaunted by the result of former efforts to encourage British opera, has bravely tried again. All that could be done for the success of the opera, whose book is by Sir Edward Malet, and music by Mr. Frederic H. Cowen, has been done: on its behalf the *lex non scripta* of Italian opera has been broken, and the work was presented in our tongue. Sir Augustus has lavishly used his great powers as stage-manager, and mounted the opera magnificently; he has devoted Saturday night to the affair, and given a company of great strength, save in one instance. Mr. P. Brozel has neither voice nor physique for such a part as Harold’s; but possibly the more important singers of the stupendous Covent Garden company were unwilling to learn a heavy, ungrateful part in a new work whose success they may have doubted.

What is the result? An opera, from a musical point of view, showing a decided advance since “*Thorgrim*”; yet, despite some excellent work, hardly reaching complete success. One can pick out much that is

admirable, if little of great quality; but, as a whole, however interesting to the musical student, “*Harold*” is not a living work. Almost all that may be called specific “numbers” might well meet with success. The funeral march of Edward the Confessor is a striking, strange piece of gloomy music. The battle interlude is an effective, powerful piece of programme music. The first act contains a very pretty dance, with quaint vocal solo accompaniment. Princess Adela has a charming song concerning the Norman roses, there is an impressive chorus after the fatal oath is taken, and there are some beautiful phrases in the duets between Harold and Edith. Unfortunately, for two reasons, one cannot consider “*Harold*” as if it were in the style of “*Il Trovatore*,” where one simply waits for the plums, and pays no attention to the intervening pudding: the plums would hardly repay such treatment, and the rest of the work is of far too modern and restless a character to be ignored. In justice to Mr. Cowen, one may say that the book is not quite a masterpiece. I hardly venture to write disrespectfully of the work of a British Ambassador, and will let his lyrics speak for themselves. Here is an extract—

Come mount with speed  
Each gallant steed,  
Fit every man his willow,  
And soon we’ll bring  
The sylvan king  
Prone on his grassy pillow.



SIGNORA DUSE AS CAMILLE.

Photo by Audouard, Barcelona.

skill in expression, the tale of Harold, with modifications of the somewhat hazy history that are not unreasonable; but, if Mr. Cowen has any feeling for the music of words, he must, at times, have felt saddened by his task.

The scenery is excellent, though it seems daring to present “the exterior of Westminster Hall,” and give as representation what looks like the Abbaye aux Hommes that William I. founded at Caen as penance for marrying Matilda, his cousin, who at the same time founded the Abbaye aux Dames. However, it may seem unjust to deal with architectural anachronisms where such excellent effects are obtained. Madame Albani, despite an occasional flatness, was superb as Edith; Mr. David Bispham sang admirably as William, who has not a single *par la splendeur de dieu*; Miss Meisslinger was charming as the Princess Adela, and Messrs. Jacques Bars, Richard Green, and W. Devers did excellent work. The opera came so near success that, with another Harold, it might really delight an audience.

MONOCLE.

As the ladies are about to go in for cycle-racing, why should not they ride in horse-races? At some horse-shows, ladies ride the prize animals over fences, and do it well, too. It is said that, at the Pony Show held at Barn Elms, the Earl of Harrington’s daughter rode one of her father’s prize polo-ponies, and looked very nice in the saddle. It is not so sure that ladies would not succeed in cross-country races, as they are fearless riders. At any rate, they would get a fair show, and it would be a novelty.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 8, 1895.

All hope of money becoming appreciably higher in value this summer may be abandoned, for every day makes the pressure of surplus funds more distressing. Even at the nominal figure of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., capitalists cannot find employment for their floating balances; and in the discount market, with three-month bank-bills changing hands at 5-8 per cent., bankers and bill-brokers are in despair. Instead of gold going abroad because of money being so cheap here, it continues to pour in, with the result that we face the idleness of the summer months with resources that would suffice for a European war. The bullion stock at the Bank of England is no less than 37 millions sterling, the reserve is 27 $\frac{3}{4}$  millions, and market balances with the Bank are 35 $\frac{3}{4}$  millions. This exceptionally strong position after fifteen months and a half of a 2 per cent. Bank rate is something not likely to be repeated within the next half-century.

We enforce this fact of cheap money because it is a most important factor in the Stock Exchange situation. With spare millions being hawked up and down Lombard Street unsuccessfully, the ordinary rules of investment are all at sea. To the capitalist, the financial world is now a struggle for life, and he is content with beggarly yields on his investments that he would have scorned a few years ago. Look at Consols, which have this week reached the extraordinary price of 106 $\frac{1}{2}$  xd. This is really the extreme record in Goschens, for, although 106 $\frac{1}{2}$  was once quoted for cash this year, that price included most of a quarter's accrued interest. But this time 11-16ths have been deducted from the price in respect of the July interest, and the quotation of 106 $\frac{1}{2}$  is, therefore, equivalent to 106 15-16—or, say, in round figures, for easier remembrance, 107. In after years people will look back with amazement to the time when the Two and Three-quarter per Cents. stood at a level which made the yield little over 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

This marvellous inflation of Consols is mainly due to the superabundance of money, but it has been assisted by the fact that the Sinking Fund purchases are steadily reducing the supply, that the Savings Banks have no other channel than Consols for the investment of their huge deposits, and that the Bank of England has been buying back the stock it sold by the million in order to finance the Baring Estate. As all those factors are still at work, there is no reason to expect any important relapse in Consols, exaggerated as the price undoubtedly is; and, while Consols are up, investment securities will remain up also. Hence the steady demand that has prevailed for Colonial Inscribed stocks, Home Corporation stocks, Indian Railway securities, and the Pre-preference charges of the Home Railways. Nothing can stop the advance of good securities for some time to come, as there are a score of buyers about for every holder who wants to sell.

Speculation, which was checked by the advent of the Whitsuntide Holidays, has not shown any symptom of revival this week, as it was the fag-end of the long nineteen-day account. It has been a week of clearing up commitments, as there was some little apprehension of trouble at the Settlement in the Mining market. We ourselves regard these fears as quite uncalled for, and are disposed to look for a much better feeling next week, when the account has been arranged; but it is difficult to arouse much enthusiasm in the minds of the public during the heat of summer. Speculators are panting for the seaside, and are content to enjoy themselves on the money they have made, without attempting to make more.

The American market has received a shock from the default on Erie Funded Coupon Fives, and the consequent opening of foreclosure proceedings. This has brought home the danger to which the American list is at present exposed, with six bankrupt roads included in it. Only one of these, the Atchison, has arranged matters, and part of the assessments are already included in the prices of the shares and "A" and "B" bonds. But it has been observed that, although the instalments have been added to the quotations, the prices have steadily dwindled, until the additions have really disappeared; and we think this will be the experience all round. By the time the full ten dollars have been paid on Atchison shares, the quotation will be only about 12 or 13. Eries, Unions, Readings, Norfolk Preferred, and Northern Pacific Preferred, have all to follow the same course, more or less, and this knowledge is not encouraging to a purchase in the American market.

Those who like to have an interest in a low-priced American share without standing up to be shot at, ought to buy the Southern Railway ordinary recently brought over here—the shares of the reorganised Richmond Terminal system. On these shares an assessment varying from 10 to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  dollars was paid up a few months ago, so that there is no danger in a purchase; and, as the road is now earning a dividend on the preferred, the shares are distinctly promising at the present price of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The next American road to be reorganised, you will find, will be the Northern Pacific. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who has been on a visit to London, has just started for New York again, and as soon as he arrives he will take the Northern Pacific matter in hand. The scheme is bound to be a drastic one, for the road is in a very bad way. The Preferred have a certain amount of security in Land Grant bonds deposited, and in lands held direct; but as neither the land nor the bonds can be sold at present, the value of the security appears to be more theoretical than practical. Although everybody is talking about the Erie scheme as if it were coming out to-morrow, we venture to predict that the Northern Pacific plan will be out first, and that the Erie scheme

will be delayed by wearisome litigation in the Courts over the rights of the foreclosure.

A great deal of notice is at present being given to Johannesburg Consolidated Investment shares, and estimates as to the coming dividend range from 100 per cent. per annum to 20 per cent. We may say, with confidence, that the amount will be 30 per cent., at which rate the shares yield, at present price, rather more than 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The company could pay 100 per cent. out of the profits already in hand, but the management has very prudently decided to pay only a reasonable dividend, and to accumulate a large reserve. The idea is to make "Johnnies" a really sound investment stock, and, in view of this shrewd policy, the shares at the yield are a decidedly hopeful look-up.

Among the chief mining shares that are to be bought just now, we understand the Great De Kaap Gold-field, Limited, are, perhaps, as good a speculation as anything else of the sort. They can be picked up at about four shillings apiece, and there seems every prospect, if the Mining market continues active, that there may be a considerable improvement in value.

The company's property has been reported upon by Mr. Alford, the well-known mining expert, who once got into hot water for condemning the Salatic Company, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Alford is not a likely man to sit upon the side of over-sanguineness. For a gamble, the shares are very likely to turn up trumps.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THOMAS FURNESS AND COMPANY'S STORES, LIMITED.—This adds yet another to the long list of limited liability stores, but it is a rather better venture than many recent issues. The businesses at West Hartlepool and Newcastle-on-Tyne are to be taken over, and Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., is to be chairman; while the existing proprietors, Messrs. Thomas Furness and John T. Furness, are to be joint managing directors. The family is, therefore, to be still in control, which is an excellent point. The capital is to be £200,000 in £1 shares—half preference, half ordinary. The preference, at all events, ought to be safe enough.

THE NINE MINES OF NORITA, LIMITED.—The very name of this concern ought to be enough to prevent the public from subscribing the £10,000 asked, even without looking into the matter and finding that all the money is wanted for working a new-fangled system of dredging for gold on several river concessions in Colombia. Not the slightest evidence beyond mere assertion is given that the system or rivers are worth a cent. One might as well take shares in a dredger at the docks.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. D.—Send us the last report and balance-sheet. We never liked the company, but, without the full report, hardly like to advise you to sell now. If you will send the document, we will carefully look it over and advise you.

J. J. G.—The future course of prices in the stocks you name depends on the general state of the Mining market, as to which we are in considerable doubt. Both are speculative in the highest degree. As to Mills Day Dawn, see our remarks in last issue.

G. F. M. J.—The whole question depends on a good ground-plan of the mine, and the moment we can get one we will communicate in "Notes" the result of our increased knowledge.

SPANISH.—(1) We fear you won't get much of this new Chilean Loan, but you may safely hold what you do get. (2) We prefer Cordoba and Rosario 5 per cent. debentures. (3) No, don't touch the West Australian mines you name, and avoid everything which the gentleman in question reports upon or has anything to do with.

SPECULATOR.—Sell Bayley's Reward on any rise, and buy back at about 9s. 6d. There seems to be a tap turned on as soon as the shares get put up. We advise you to avoid Londonderry Extended.

ENGLISHMAN.—The industrials you name are, so far as we know, all right, but in Nos. 1 and 3 there is a very restricted market, and you will find it easier to buy than sell. Spread your money over No. 2, and three of the following, Ely Brothers, George Newnes and Co., Telegraph Construction, Lebong Tea, and Assam Trading pre-preference shares.

EMILY.—You did quite the proper thing in converting your Bank of New Zealand Estates debentures, but, if you can get a small premium, take it. Arrol 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  debentures are very good, and you might re-invest your money in them.

O. P. S.—Arrol 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  debentures might suit you. Canada Stock is, in our opinion, quite high enough, and we would not advise you to buy at this price. Queensland Investment 4 per cent. Debenture Stock is likely to improve steadily in value, and Industrial Trust 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  Debenture Stock is safe enough.

DUNDEE.—The shares are very good, and the company stands very high, but don't forget they are £25 with only £5 paid, so that you are liable for £20 on each. We see no danger, as long as you realise the position when you buy.

BRUVIN.—They will probably pay, but we have had several cases of great trouble over accounts, and you will find difficulty in getting your instructions carried out if the account shows a profit to you. We know no case in which they have refused to pay or pleaded the Gambling Act.

H. L. R.—It is absurd to send us a list of eight rubbishy mines, and ask if they are good speculations. If the Mining market goes on the "boom" again, probably every one of your lot would show profits, but if not, you may be unable to sell at any price. We like Graskops the best, and Big Blow the least of the lot. Thistles have a good property, but we understand there is some lawsuit over the title, while, as to the rest, they are mostly swindles; but in a mining boom, anything may go higher.

BREWERY.—We have a very bad opinion of the concern you name, which has done wretchedly for years, and we would not touch the shares with a barge-pole.

CAUTIOUS.—We apologise, but why do you write so badly? We will write you privately as to the price after we have made inquiries in the market; but, speaking off-hand, we can safely say there is not a free market, and dealings will be a matter of negotiation.

W. E. B.—Thank you for the enclosure. We hope you have got our letter.

A. W. G.—We are obliged to you for your letter and enclosure, and trust the brokers whose names we sent you are doing the business you want.